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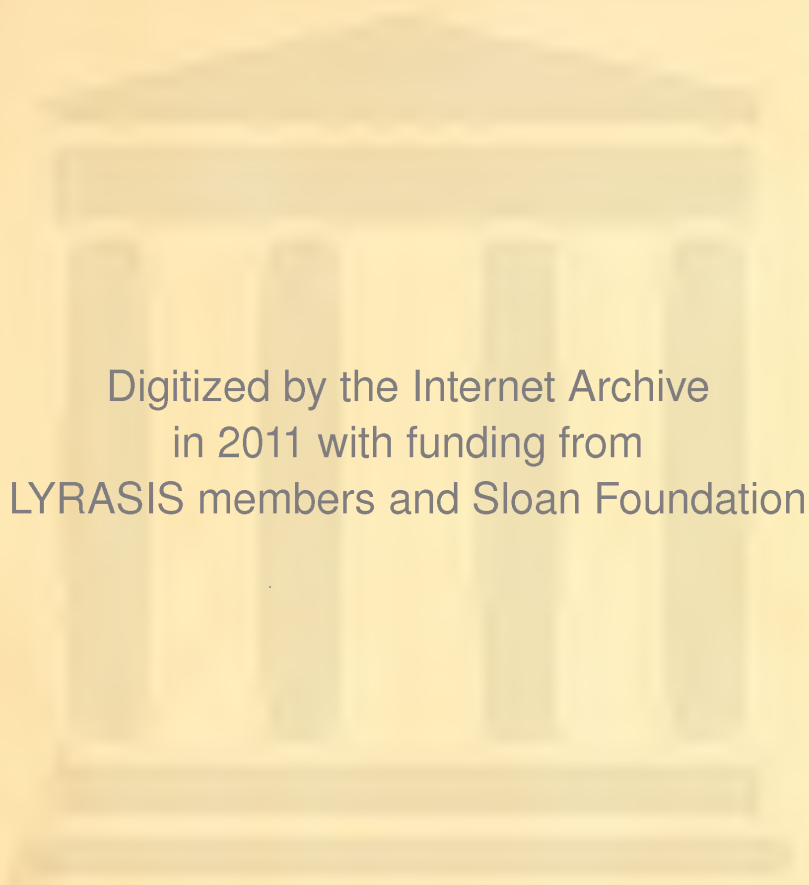
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PRESSES OF  
CLAY PRINTING CO.  
HICKORY, N. C.



LAND OF THE SKY



**H<sup>A</sup><sub>LLS</sub> C<sup>A</sup><sub>MPUS</sub> W<sup>A</sup><sub>LLS</sub>**

**Volume 4**  
**1 9 1 2**

Published Annually by the  
**Senior Class of Lenoir College**  
Hickory, North Carolina

CARL A. RUDISILI  
LIBRARY  
LENOIR RHYNE COLLEGE

**On**

**Rev. Robert Anderson Yoder, D. D.**

**In grateful remembrance**

**of his**

**service as a Founder,**

**President, Trustee, Supporter**

**and Faithful Friend of Lenoir College**

**We dedicate**

**this issue of Harawa**

1912 Oct 1

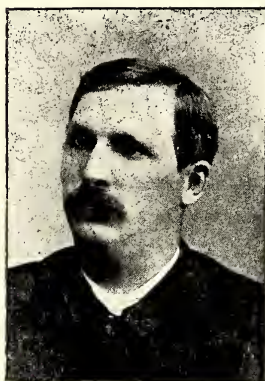
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REV. ROBERT ANDERSON YODER, D. D.

## Dedication History

Robert Anderson Yoder was born eight miles west of Lincolnton, N. C., August 16, 1853.

After pursuing his studies in the public schools, one year being spent in Hickory, and, having decided early in life to devote himself to the work of the ministry, he entered North Carolina College, Mt. Pleasant, N. C., in the Fall of 1872. He studied for two years. Because of a lack of money, he went to Illinois in search of work. While there he attended the University of Illinois during the session of '74-'75 and taught in the public school the following year. He returned to N. C., College and studied in both classical and theological courses, graduating in 1877 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

He then came to Hickory in search of work. Finding none he went to Conover. Two Lutheran Pastors decided to make use of him and the three men planned to establish a school which had just made a feeble start.

On a warm day in July 1877, nineteen pupils met the new and only Instructor in a private house to begin work.

Prof. Yoder was married on the ninth of May, 1878, to Rosa E. Fisher, daughter of the late Captain J. A. Fisher, of Salisbury, N. C. By this alliance a true help-mate was secured, the wife spending many years as an officer in the schools which her husband sought to found and at the same time giving able attention to her duties in the home.

In September, 1878, the school was opened in its own new building under the name of Concordia High School. Through the first four years, Prof. Yoder as Principal and his wife as Matron and Teacher of Music were the only Instructors.

In 1881 the school was chartered with the name of Concordia College and Prof. Yoder was continued as Principal, though Dr. P. C. Henkel was President in name.

During this period the school enjoyed a moderate patronage and seems to have had a healthful outlook.

In the Spring of 1883, Prof. Yoder resigned in order to pursue a special course in theology and spent one year at the Lutheran theological Seminary in Philadelphia. After his return he was elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Concordia College and continued in this relation until, in 1888, he was again called to the Institution and made President of the Faculty. He served in this capacity at Conover to the end of the session of '90-'91. Under his incumbency the school enjoyed its most prosperous season, the enrollment reaching as high as 120 and increasing almost continuously in the Collegiate department.

The Fall of 1890 commemorates the offer of what was known as the Lenoir school site to the Tennessee Synod of the Lutheran Church. The offer was rejected. The entire Faculty of Concordia College, with one exception, resigned. Under the leadership of Prof. Yoder, Dr. J. C. Moser, Revs. W. P. Cline and A. L. Crouse, the Lenoir offer was accepted, these four men making themselves financially responsible for the erection of the

required building, School was opened in old Highland Hall in the Fall of 1891. The following summer the Administration building, planned and supervised by President Yoder, was erected. The school was incorporated Jan. 4, 1892, under the name of Lenoir College, and was adopted as the College of the Tennessee Synod in 1895. Then from 1891 to 1901 Prof. Yoder was President of Lenoir College, resigning in the latter year after which he spent his whole time in the Pastorate.

In October 1907, he was elected to membership on the Board of Trustees of Lenoir College and was re-elected regularly until his death which occurred in the early morning of May 16, 1911.

In all, he gave nineteen years of service as head of the school work of the Tennessee Synod, in its beginnings, thro' the period of strife and division, in the time of re-establishment and vindication and always with heroic self-sacrifice

Early in the year 1879, Prof. Yoder accepted a call to become Pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, near Newton, N. C. From that time until the time of his death he sustained the relation of Pastor of some congregation or parish along with his labors in the class-room. In this office he served twelve different congregations, all except two being in Catawba county. This long period of service in the ministry, his prominent service as an officer of synod and the fact that his name appears on nearly every special program of the Synod during the past thirty years show that he was a Master in the pulpit and a leader in the Synod. In the larger field he served as President of the United Synod from 1902 to 1906 and Chairman of the Home Mission and Church Extension Board from 1908 to 1910.

Recognizing in this Preacher-Professor a man of genius, the public called upon him for more service. Accordingly, he was made County Superintendent of schools for Catawba county in the summer of 1884 and continued until the summer of 1893.

As a Student, he took high rank, especially in Mathematics, for which he had native talent, and in which he distinguished himself in later life. Every step was paved by hard work. He favorably impressed his superiors both near and far. The "ups and downs" of his own College days taught him to labor for and exercise an interest in his students. He was the first beneficiary student of the Tennessee Synod and he was ever alert and active in the support of others who followed him. He was studious. He finished his classical course and laid the foundation of a 'theological education at the same time. Though deprived of a regular theological course he nevertheless made himself a capable theologian after he left College so that he served as Professor of Theology in connection with his school work, and was honored in 1899 by his Alma Mater with the Degree of Doctor of Divinity.

As a Professor, Dr. Yoder found the largest opportunity to exercise his native talent. He was, by nature, a teacher. Having a strong intellect trained to a logical method and being deeply interested in the education of the youth he found his greatest work in exercising these faculties. He was abundantly able to analyze thoroughly the most abstract problems connected with his numerous subjects. He possessed a fluency of speech by which he was able to convey his own clear conceptions in a simple, easily understood

and interesting manner. And withal, his teaching rested upon a basis of thorough personal conviction of truth and was saturated with a certitude beyond which his students never cared to inquire and with which he could in a signal way draw out, shape and build up character.

As a College President, Dr. Yoder rendered Lenoir College and the Lutheran Church an immeasurable service. The period during which he served was one of peculiar severity and uncertainty. It was the period of beginnings in which mountain-like obstacles were many. Tact, a genial nature, sound judgement, far-sighted wisdom, strong faith, dignity and large executive ability constitute the equipment of this successful pioneer in educational work. A man of such a mould, at the head of an Institution, could not but make an impression on his work. Lenoir College stands as a monument to, and, in many ways, reveals this great educator. In her stand for positive Christianity, broad culture, accurate scholarship, co-education, and the development of Christian character, Lenoir College shows forth the dominant educational principles of her former beloved President.

As a Member of the Board, his varied and successful experience, ripe scholarship, sound judgement, devoted heart, and active life made him an increasingly valuable member whose counsels were sought, whose advice was gladly received and place will not be easily filled.

Many Ministers, School-teachers, Lawyers, and other professional men owe a large part of their success to the inspiration and interest for their work which was excited in them by Dr. Yoder. Hosts of men and women possess their spiritual heritage because he lived among them. These his intellectual and spiritual children, through whom he, though dead, yet liveth, will unite with the Hacıwa in the recognition that his was a life well spent in the service of his fellow countrymen.

M. L. STIREWALT.



## HACAWA STAFF

FRANCES GLASS  
 H. J. SHEALY  
 A. M. HUFFMAN  
 F. J. ELLER

Editor-in-Chief  
 Assistant Editor-in-Chief  
 Art-Editor  
 Business Manager

## Greeting

**T**O THE friends of the Hacawa we wish to submit this, the fourth volume of our Annual. We are aware that many weaknesses will be found, but we trust we shall not be doubted when we say: "We have done what we could." We have tried to represent different phases of college life. If in looking through these pages you will be drawn closer together in the spirit of love and comradeship for "Old Lenoir," and the things for which she stands, we shall have accomplished our purpose.

THE EDITORS

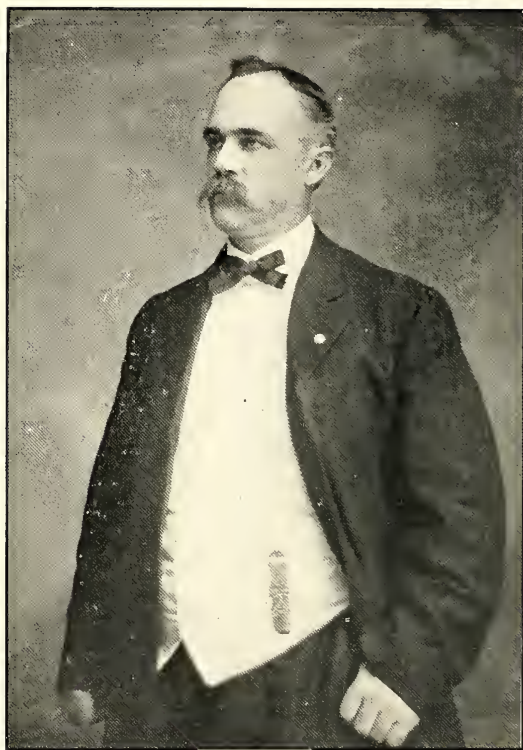


LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE — AS THE SUN.



SO DOES THE

FACULTY



ROBERT LINDSAY FRITZ, A. M.  
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Professor of Philosophy



WILLIAM HERBERT LITTLE, A. M.

*Dean*

Professor of History and Modern Languages.



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Professor of Mathematics and Astron-  
omy.



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A. B., M. D.  
Professor of Physiology



LILLIE BELLE HALLMAN  
A Music  
Professor of Practical and Theoretical  
Music.



SOLOMON GRANT LOHR,  
Superintendent of Highland Hall



ELLA BELLE SHIREY  
Lady Principal



BARBARA RUDISILL  
A Music, Lenoir College  
Assistant Piano Teacher



STELLA MESSENGER  
Art





ELEANOR STECHER,  
Professor of Voice and Expression



MRS. S. G. LOHR  
Matron Highland Hall

## Alma Mater

Fairest jewel, dear Lenoir,  
Hail to thee! Thou art divine!  
For the spirit we adore  
Is embosomed in thy shrine,  
Thou dost heed the call to duty,  
Seek for goodness, truth and beauty.

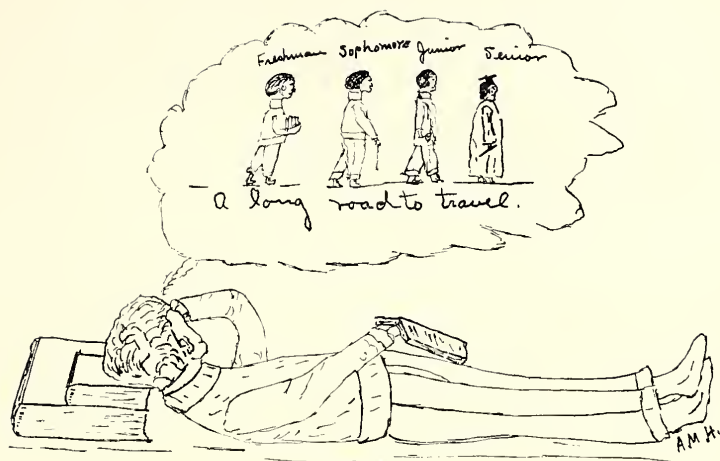
Thou wast cradled, dear Lenoir,  
In Obstructions swelling tide;  
But the Watchman on the shore  
Taught the Pilot how to guide,  
May the God who nurtured thee  
Guard thy future destiny.

Though thy sisters, dear Lenoir,  
Have excelled thee in renown,  
Tis the Past they glory o'er;  
In the Future is thy crown.  
Time has saved his rarest gem  
To adorn thy diadem.

Alma Mater, dear Lenoir,  
Home of love and Friendship's birth,  
Fondest mem'ries evermore  
Linger round thy sacred hearth.  
Mem'ries of youth's brightest day  
Fast, how fast, it fades away.

Hail! O, Hail! Then, dear Lenoir,  
Spirit of pure joy and mirth,  
Gird thyself forever more  
With the truth that gave thee birth;  
May'st thou heed the call to duty—  
Seek for goodness, truth and beauty.  
G.





The Dream of a

PREP

# Preparatory Department

## OFFICERS

Mary Snarr	-	-	-	-	-	-	President
Terry Shell	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Mabel Powlas	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer

## ROLL

Sallie Fisher	Eugenia Long
Mary Snarr	Anna Wike
Jeretta Miller	Mabel Powlas
Eloise McCoy	Winnie Leonard
Ninna Leonard	Edith Settlemyre
Lillie Settlemyre	Annie Barringer
Paul Ashby	J. M. Patterson
Fred Russell	Edward Shuford
Blair Yount	Craig Yoder
Charlie Dowell	Vandora Stuck
Terry Shell	Neely Kincade
Collins Horney	Earnest Seitz
Clarence Lael	Bert B. Bodenhamer
Earl Smyre	J. Walter Miller
Robert Price	Lucian Bain



PREPARATORY CLASS

## Sub-Freshman Class

### COLORS

*Garnet and Grey*

### OFFICERS

H. L. Faggart	-	-	-	-	President
J. E. Shealy	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Blooma Glass	-	-	-	-	Secretary

### ROLL

H. L. Faggart	J. E. Rendleman
G. E. Rockett	H. E. Bonds
J. W. Mosteller	R. M. Cook
G. O. Miller	F. S. Conrad
R. J. Plyler	J. C. Ingold
R. C. Huffman	O. M. Litaker
J. F. Shafer	A. L. Pence
J. B. Stevens	Louis Sease
Ora Miller	Winnie Stine
Blooma Glass	Bertie Huitt
	Daisy Agner



SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS





# Freshman Class

## MOTTO

*Wisdom rather than wealth*

## COLORS

*Garnet and Gold*

## FLOWER

*Narcissus*

## YELL

Nineteen-fifteen Rah! Rah! Rah!

Nineteen-fifteen Ha! Ha! Ha!

Are we in it?

Well I guess,

Nineteen-fifteen Yes! Yes! Yes!

## OFFICERS

Grover E. Harward	-	-	-	President
Annie P. Powlas	-	-	-	Vice-President
James A. Fry	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Dora C. Rhodes	-	-	-	Poet
Lucy E. Yoder	-	-	-	Historian

## CLASS ROLL

Elon A. Abernethy	W. Pearl Mackie
Mary G. Abernethy	Brantly L. Newsome
B. Katherine Aderholt	Ruth Parrott
B. Chloe Aderholt	L. Ode Parker
Victor D. Aderholt	Charlie Parker
John W. Aiken	A. Nannette Rudisill
Orie Lee Black	John A. Rudisill
Nettie G. Black	Justus C. Rudisill
Minnie E. Beam	Aubery B. Rudisill
Carl V. Cline	Clarence L. Rhyne
Harold S. Deal	Cebar C. Sheely
J. Leroy Deaton	M. Elvira Sheely
Mildred M. Derrick	W. Hill Smith
Lila C. Duke	Ernest E. Smith
Paul Greene	Lewis W. Shimpock
Lelia A. Hagood	Roy T. Troutman
B. Thomas Hale	Weston L. Taylor
Luke P. Hahn	Roy C. Turbyfill
Sam W. Hahn	H. Miller Williams
Blakley B. Harris	Earl D. Whisenhunt
O. Newel Haigler	Carrol N. Yount
Casper A. Kipps	Noah D. Yount
M. Celeste Lippard	
Carl O. Lippard	





FRESHMAN CLASS

## Freshman Class Poem

First all was strange and very queer,  
Though boys were nice and girls were dear,  
And oh! so kindly welcomed us!  
But—yet, in spite of all the fuss—  
We felt a bit homesick and bad  
And hard work made us blue and sad.

Now things slide smooth and sometimes gay,  
Keep growing nicer day by day:  
We've ceased to stare like kiddies green,  
But put on airs, and as we seem  
To feel at home in this dear place,  
We settle down to work apace.

You Juniors and you Sophs— pshaw!—  
At first of you we stood in awe,  
But now— ah me! it is quite clear  
You're as mortal as a Freshman here.  
Of Seniors still we feel a little shy,  
But they will be different by and by.

Don't laugh at us if we are shy,  
Don't tease us when we fret or cry.  
What did you do when you were new?  
The selfsame thing that we now do.—  
And the generations that shall come  
Will do the same as we have done.

Where'er the schools, where'er the places,  
There'll be strange folks and strange faces.  
In every school in all the world  
There is a Freshman boy and a Freshman girl.

DORA RHODES—Poet

## Freshman Class History

Three of us have finished the two years of preparatory work here. Last year our class consisted of twenty-five members. Seventeen of us having been successful, entered this year as Freshmen. A large number of new students, whom we gladly welcomed, joined us. Shortly after the opening we held our first class meeting, and elected our officers. At this meeting fifty-one members were enrolled. Several other meetings were held during the year, when there was any business to transact.

At first the higher classes laughed at us, and called us "Freshies," but what did we care for that. We soon showed them what a "Freshie" could do. They—especially the "Sophs—" were soon compelled to respect us after we had shown them that we were game enough to protect ourselves.

We were well represented in athletics. Our boys took leading places in base-ball, foot-ball and track-team. In tennis they took the lead. The Varsity Tennis Team was constituted of members from our class. Our girls did fine playing in basket-ball and tennis.

We are proud of our class, for we know that it is the largest in the history of the College; we feel that the Faculty is proud of us because they have been so kind to us. We have toiled patiently and persistently with our work during the year, and tried to live up to our motto "Wisdom rather than wealth." We have spent a very pleasant and successful year together. The majority of us expect to return in the fall.

LUCY EMMA YODER





# Sophomore Class

COLORS  
*Green and Gold*

FLOWER  
*Carnation*

MOTTO  
*Labor conquers all things*

YELL  
A buvo, and a bivo,  
And a buvo, bivo bum!  
Bum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!  
Bum get a rat trap bigger than a cat trap!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Rah! Rah! Rah!—Freshman!

OFFICERS  
L. L. Lohr - - - - President  
Stella Wessinger - - - - Vice-President  
Lula Rudisill - - - - Secretary  
J. D. Rudisill - - - - Treasurer

CLASS ROLL  
L. L. Lohr Fred Rudisill  
J. D. Rudisill L. E. Bolick  
J. L. Sox D. M. Long  
T. P. Rhyne Flossie Gilbert  
D. P. Whitley Ethel Tussing  
H. K. Drye Stella Wessinger  
J. J. Stuck Edna Hammon  
C. E. Fritz Lillian Plonk  
C. M. Adams Maud Powlas  
C. C. Carpenter Lula Rudisill  
G. H. Huffman Edna Stuck  
J. L. Henderson Rosa Wertz  
Willie Ashby





SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class Poem

Earnest thoughts within me rise  
When I behold afar,  
The dear old class of fourteen  
Shining like a star.

The Juniors seem to be all right,  
The Seniors we adore;  
The class we like the best  
Is our dear Sophomore.

The class of unconquered will,  
A class that does its best;  
Serene and resolute and still  
And calm and self possessed,

Our class is brave and bold;  
We move in comely manner;  
Indeed the reason must be told  
We're loyal to the Sophomore banner.

A class that's very industrious  
We never shun our work;  
And we hope to be real famous,  
For our duty we do not shirk.

We do not claim we're so smart  
But we do have a little knowledge;  
And we are vain enough to think,  
We are the best at Lenoir College.

FRED RUDISILL



## Sophomore History

On September the sixth, nineteen hundred and ten, thirty-two Freshmen entered Lenoir College, faithfully believing that there remained worlds yet unconquered, and that by labor alone we may hope to conquer them. With these thoughts dormant in our minds all the perplexing problems were unflinchingly met. Many difficulties and stumbling-blocks were encountered, but we tried manfully to make of them stepping stones to future success,

September of 1911 again found us at our post, with our number slightly decreased, although several recruits filled the places of part of the deserters. Now we were looked up to, and feared by the Freshmen; looked down upon and ridiculed by the higher classes, because in us they saw their own superiors. Whether it is in the Class-Room, Society Hall, or on the Athletic Field we have proved ourselves second to no class in school. And especially in athletics have we out classed them all. While Freshman we triumphed over the Sophomores in base-ball, the score of which would startle you. On the gridiron the combined forces of the Freshmen and Preps fought nobly and scored only a goose-egg against us. With the successes of the past, who doubt that we may not be more successful in the future since we believe that labor conquers all."

T. P. RHYNE

## The Spirit of Unrest

(Permission to print this poem was granted by the author, and the Cosmopolitan Magazine, through the request of the Editors of the Hacawa.)

A ghostly band, that revels below,  
Laughs loud, as we plough through the main.  
A spirit hand at the helm I know,  
Fears naught from the hurricane;  
And never a sail is reefed to the gale  
Though the waves roll, mountain high.  
The skipper pale, will never quail  
At a blood, threatening sky.

For staunch and strong we ride the foam  
To the shores of No Man's Land.  
To us belong no thoughts of home,  
On the decks no mortals stand.  
A ghostly guest, from prow to stern  
Walks ever, from dark to dawn,  
From wearied unrest, we may never turn,  
For the anchor chains are gone.

In coral caves, sea-spirits awake  
And watch with a wondering guest,  
On the crested waves, at the course we take,  
To the wandering Isle Unrest.  
And no one knows and no one cares  
If the cruise be wisely planned—  
Where each one goes—how each one fares  
Or who shall voice command.

The sky may gleam, like burnished brass,  
Or shroud with its inky black;  
In a soulless dream, the eyeless pass,  
As we follow an endless track.  
For naught avails, if the bellying sails  
Should plunge us down in the days  
Though seas o'erwhelm, the ghost at his helm,  
Is a thing that never sleeps.

RICHARD F. LITTLE, '13





JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS—Continued

# Junior Class

## COLORS

*Black and Gold*

## EMBLEM

*Marechal Neil Rose*

## YELL

Hobble, gobble, razzle, dazzle,  
Sis! boom! bah!  
One nine one three  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

## OFFICERS

Richard H. Shuford	-	-	-	President
Corrie Lowman	-	-	-	Vice-President
Naomi Cline	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer
Daniel C. Holt	-	-	-	Poet
John L. Morgan	-	-	-	Historian

## CLASS ROLL

J. Allison Abernathy	Howard S. Rhine
Michael M. Kijps	Richard H. Shuford
Richard F. Little	G. G. L. Sawyer
R. Campbell Lake	Lottie E. Cline
John Mouser	F. Naomi Cline
Edgar Z. Pence	Nora Coulter
Gertrude F. Deal	Louise M. Eargle
Corrie B. Lowman	Mamie Lee Miller
Jettie R. Plenk	Daniel C. Holt



## Junior Class Poem

Juniors, Juniors, fifteen are we!  
Juniors, Juniors, one nine one three!  
For three long years we've struggled on,  
And now, the goal, we've almost won.  
But why rush on with so great haste?  
For here we may our efforts waste.

If we could live those days again,  
No doubt we'd see how weak and vain  
Our fight has been, although we hope,  
"Not many things but much" in scope,  
And seek for all that's due to us  
In Love, in Honor and in Trust.

At last when College life is o'er,  
And we must leave dear old Lenoir.  
We'll "Rally 'round the flag" alone  
And here for all our faults atone  
By yelling loud for old L. C.  
With thankful hearts: "One Nine One Three".

D. C. HOLT

## Junior History

The fall of 1909 marked the advent of twenty-six "mighty fresh" Freshmen into this institution.

The following fall we returned with eighteen old members and seven enlisted recruits to act as "wise fools."

And now we come back only fifteen strong, tis true, but with fifteen whole-souled "bright Juniors" to fight the battles now forced upon us.

We started off with new resolutions and with the determination of accomplishing great things. But during the session we have struck many steep hills and much tough mud. Still, regardless of the many stumbling-blocks, pitfalls, cuts and ruts, blue feelings and accusations, both true and untrue, we have decided that after all we have not been so far outstripped by any preceding Junior class.

Thus we come to the close of our third year. Our class has furnished during the session: seven Literary Society Presidents, and Vice-President of the Young Men's Bible Society, Secretary and Treasurer of the Athletic Association, Tennis manager, Foot-Ball Manager and the champion runner of the South.

We all have plenty of nerve, but none of us have enough to ask the Faculty what they think of us.

We sincerely hope to see all of our class return next year with that "dignified Senior look."

J. L. MORGAN





ARTHUR MILTON HUFFMAN, B. A.

Hickory, N. C.

"Our wills are ours, we know not why."

Entered Sophomore Class; Class President (2) Chrestonian Anniversary (3); In "She Stoops to Conquer" (3); Junior Orator's Medal (3); President Chrestonian Society (3); Hacawa Art Editor (4), Class President (4); Lenorian Business Mgr. (4).

"Huff" is a very reserved young man, but good-natured and accomodating. Has high ambitions, and expects to reach the goal by tenacity holding on. He is the "old maid" of the class; very precise as to details, and possesses a will of his own. Strong Class Spirit is one of his virtues. In music he is especially gifted and will continue his study of piano.



MARY ELIZABETH STROUP, B. A.

Hickory, N. C.

"A sweet and virtuous soul"

Member of Eumenean Society; Vice-President Senior Class. Chaplain of Eumenean Society (4).

"Mary" is a faithful worker; conscientious and careful of details. Life to her is a serious matter. She has been accused by some of having one frivolous thought, but this report is not generally believed. Having faith in patience and persistence as the powers by which results are reached we shall expect to hear, before many years, of Mary's having accomplished wonders.





## HORACE JULIAN SHEALY, B. A.

Little Mountain, S. C.

"No lapse of moons can canker love whatever  
fickle tongues may say."

Entered Senior 1911. Member of Euronian Literary Society, and Bible Society. Assistant Editor in Chief of Hacawa, class prophet and class poet 1911-12. President of Society one term, Debator for anniversary; Antonio in The Merchant of Venice; expects to study medicine.

"Rastus" came to us from Newberry in October but he is truly "one of us." He will win his degree in the special course of Flirtation, Economy, and Campustry if he continues his present course and incidently he will win his A. B., by applying himself just a few periods in the week. This is a man of force and talent, during this short year he has made for himself here a place as an actor, an artist, an orator and a writer; but not being sufficiently moved by his gifts in these lines, he will begin next year a battle for his M. D. and we are sure he will win.

## FRANCES SETTLE GLASS, A. B.

*Expression*

Ridgsville, N. C.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Entered Junior from Monmouth, Ill., in 1910; Class Sec. (3, 4); President Eumenean Society two terms, and Sec. one term (3); V.-Pres. Glee Club (3, 4); Sec. and Treas. of Oak View Missionary Guild (4); Vics-Pres. Dramatic Club (3); President Dramtic Club (4); Member Ladies Athletic Association (3, 4); Expression Medal (3); Pres. Vice-Pres. and Sec. Eumenean Society (4); Lenorian Exchange Editor (4); Editor-in-Chief of Hacawa (4).

"Patsy" annexed herself to us in our Junior year, without elaborate ceremonies, yet welcome we her. Like a good sister she has been careful of her own business in our family, and truly it may be said "she is ours." She is one of the hardest workers in the class, has gone into nearly every thing, and has come out on top. We cannot speak in too high terms of her, for she has been a loyal and steadfast member of the class of '12. By her winning personality and amiable disposition she has endeared herself to everyone who has made her acquaintance. We wish her much success in the future as an expression teacher



FORREST JAVIE ELLER, B. A.

Salisbury, N. C.

"How pure at heart and sound in head,"

Entered L. C. 1907; Student's Commission (Prep., 2, 3, 4,) Fresh-Soph Debate (1, 2); Treas. Athletic Associations (2) Euronian Anniversary (3); Lenorian Staff; (3) Sec. Athletic Association (3); Junior Orator (3); Pres. Student Commission, (4); Business Mgr. of Hacawa (4); Base ball Mgr. (4); V-Pres. Athletic Association (4); Pres. Mission Study Class (4); Sec. Young Men's Bible Society (4); Has held every office in the Euronian Literary Society.

"Javie" is one member of our class whose nature cannot be sounded in a short time, nor expressed in a few words. But he is as "good as gold," and, with but few exceptions, a favorite with students and faculty alike. He has marked executive and business ability. Many college organizations have, in turbulent seas, felt his steady hand at the helm. On the gridiron he is always in evidence. He attends Chapel, S. S., and Bible Society regularly. "Javie" stands for what is best at Lenoir College "For the simple fact" that what he does speaks louder than what he says.



ANNIE REEVES BARBER

*Music*

Barber, N. C.

"Your words have virtue such as draws a faithful answer from the breast."

Entered as Music Student 1908; member of Philalethean Literary Society; Athletic Association; Rowan County Club; Glee Club; Literary work until mid-term of 1911. Held every office of Phil Society.

"Betsey" walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect, and her eyes,  
Thus mellowed to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

—Byron





## LILLIAN GERTRUDE HARRILL

Forest City, N. C.

"Who battled for the true, the just."

Entered Sophomore Class in 1909-10; Member of Philaethean Literary Society; Oakview Missionary Guild; Glee Club; Athletic Association; Captain of Basket Ball Team 1911-12; held every office in Philaethean Literary Society Except Treasurer; President of Glee Club 1910-11; President of Athletic Association 1911-12; Secretary of Athletic Association 1910-11; President of Class 1910-11; Secretary of Class 1909-10; Played the part of Nerissa in The Merchant of Venice 1911-12.

"Ted" is a jolly girl, she enjoys life, and makes everyone around her enjoy it. Her motto might be "What I think I must speak," and she is admired for her frankness. No girl could be a truer friend. She always does her own work well, and has time left over to help others. A leader in Athletics. Very proficient in German.

## ELLA MAIE RHODES

*Music and Expression*

Lincolnton, N. C.

"And melt the waxen hearts of men."

Portia in "The Merchant of Venice" (4) Pres. Philaethean Society (1911); Treasurer of P. L. Society (1909-10); Sec. Dramatic Club (10-12); Vice- Pres. P. L. Society (1911-1912); Orchestra ('09-10); Vice-Pres. Crescendo Music Club (1911-12); Oakview Missionary Guild; Glee Club; Athletic Association.

"Peg" is a queenly girl who unconsciously compels the homage of all those who know her. Her talents are many and varied. Her charming voice and personality would make it easy for her to attain any aspiration she might have in the line of public reading; while her most natural position is before a piano. She is very hard to become acquainted with, but the longer one knows her the better they like her.





ROBERT ANDERSON YODER, Jr.

Hickory, N. C.

"And he, he knew a thousand things"

Chrestonian Society; has held every office in the Society, Football Team (2,3, 4); Track (3); Football captain (4) Editor-in-Chief Lenorian; (4) Class Historian (3), Mr. Hastings, in "She Stoops to Conquer" (3) Chrestonian Anniversary (3); Junior Orator (3).

"R. A." is always well informed on every subject that can be broached. He has a remarkable memory; is a born mathematician; is noted for his absentmindedness. A handsome and popular fellow. His enthusiasm when once aroused knows no bounds. He is capable of winning any laurels upon which he may fix his desire, but "he is young yet" and needs to learn more thoroughly the lesson of stick-to-it-ive ness."

## ETHEL PLONK

Kings Mountain, N. C.

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

Entered Sophomore Class from the Normal, 1909; Class Sec. (2); Class Pres (3); Treas. Athletic Association (3); Sec. Cresendo Music Club (3). Pres. Missionary Guild (4). Member Missionary Guild (2,3,4); Athletic Association (2, 3, 4); Oakview Orchestra (3, 4); Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice" (4); Has held every office in the Philathean Literary Society.

"Spid" is our little sister. Womanly dignity and childlike simplicity are so blended in her composite nature that we cannot analyze it perfectly, but the class of nineteen twelve is proud of her, whether she will ultimately become a celebrated violinist, of which there is promise, a society bell, a missionary, or a seamstress.



## Class History of 1912.

"History," it has been said, "is philosophy teaching by examples," and yet some distinguished critics have spoken in a very contemptuous manner of history. General Lee, said, "The historian tells either what is false, or what is true; in the former case he is no historian; in the latter he has no opportunity for displaying his abilities; for the truth is one, and all who tell the truth must tell it alike." But great writers since Lee's time have certainly shown that there are several different ways of telling it, and that it is possible to elude both horns of his dilemma. Indeed it is not unusual now to hear of the Romance of history, and nothing could give us greater pleasure than to weave a little romance into ours; but alas, we are short on romance at this time. At all events, be it delightful or dull, reliable or the contrary, history is now the subject of our story. A mere chapter of current history, it is true; neither ponderous nor dignified, but accurate enough for all practical purposes.

Anno Domini 1908 was a famous year, so are all the years of man, using that phrase in a broad sense to include him and his superiors also. It was the first year of the mental perplexity and mental anguish of the class of 1912, for it was in the fall of that year, in the mild days of September, that we began our college career. We may be allowed to compare it to a long and delightful sea voyage, for indeed it was, so far as we are concerned, a four year's cruise on the great ocean of discovery. No ship that ever sailed the waters of the deep was better officered than ours, a matchless captain and a splendid staff. Under such guidance we could not fail to reach our final destination with our pennants flying grandly. All honor to them.

But, gentle reader, we must come to books, in fact, did come to them, (this celebrated class of 1912) on that long ago September day. Books! My don't speak of them! How we read them, devoured them, digested them, we were about to say, when we were halted by the truth of history. For do we not, now, vividly recall some fearful attacks of acute indigestion which came on at times, and which we had not then learned to avoid. But nothing could stay the enthusiasm of those early days. With that charm we moved all obstacles, "O harp of a thousand strings," Freshmen don't you forget it! "All is well that ends well." We made our first port, for the most part in fine form, and then came the home run, that wonderful panacea for all ills.

When the curtain rises again on history in 1909, we find ourselves on deck about thirty strong. The time to sail had come again and our captain never dallies. A few of our dearest jewels had dropped out and a few were added to our roll. It was always thus, yet we love them none the less. And what, it may be asked, had we discovered by this time. We answer among other things, this, that the question is not so much to know a thing as to know where to find it and how to use it.

But history must be a narrative of real events, or in the language of Gen. Lee "It is no history." So we hasten to say a word about our banquet.



It was not intended to be any cold wave and it was not. The extreme tense condition of the Sophomore mind demands some relaxative and this annual affair certainly serves that purpose well.

Our third year was, to a certain extent, a glad one. Plenty of work, but some recreation for that variety which is said to be the spice of life, and it came. Books and lectures having been reckoned with, there came in their turn our delightful functions of this year. It was rumored on the deck of the ship (otherwise called the campus) that cupid was again busy, on this, as on all other similar occasions. We will call no names, but we must sound a note of warning to the impressionable to avoid all diversions which interfere with the pursuit of knowledge. The other events of historic interest of this year need not be mentioned, as the sudden death of Dr. Yoder caused a dark cloud of bereavement to spread over the institution and our banquet was abandoned.

September 4, 1911. Like the mariner who had been tossed for many a day in thick weather and on an unknown sea, we began now to want to know where we were. The course of our collegiate latitude and longitude was accordingly reckoned for us by those who had directed our progress; and we were probably informed that we had reached the degree of grave and dignified seniors. Imagine if you can our delight about this time. It has been said that only those who knew what it was to be a Roman citizen were those who could estimate the proud privilege which that title conferred, but if the Roman citizen felt any larger over his privilege than we did over ours he must have been a giant figure (in his imagination) indeed. We lead the line now instead of coming second or third as heretofore.

Like our predecessors have, we provided ourselves with that mystic bond of union, and symbol of triumph, the class-ring. There is in ours too that invisible inscription which reads, "Praemium Fidelium est certum." If there be any delinquents among our alumnae we may use this magician's wand to give them the absent treatment. So let all such take heed.

Of course it will be understood that this narrative is intended to touch only upon the salient points of our college life. Many incidents of exquisite loveliness and beauty must remain unwritten history to be handed down only by sacred tradition. We suppose that all are not entirely agreed as to what does constitute the highest culture. It is not for us to say what we have accomplished here. It is true that our initial voyage has about ended but the inspirations which it has kindled remain with us. When the mind has been aroused, it knows something of the aversion which the old gypsy feels for a stationary abode. Our course still lies out over life's inviting sea. We cannot tell what the fortune holds in store for us—whether sunshine or storm. We know not how high the great waves may rise nor whether our frail craft will successfully ride them. We trust that all will be well. But this we do know, that if there should, at some time, break upon us some great sea of troubles, there will come to us from our Alma Mater, across that troubled sea, this far heard whisper of a cherished Mother: "Daughters and Sons, be of good cheer the Kingdom of the Most High is within you."

F. J. E.



## Bonfire Poem

Dear "Analytic," disturb my peace no more,  
I lay you at Prometheus' door.  
Of you I now have had my share,  
The God of fire shall take my care.  
Merited torture he will give,  
Until "Old Analytic," you shall not live.  
My dreadful frowns no more shall be,  
When in the flames your form I see,  
Till the break of day I will sleep,  
And no more zeroes will I reap.

H. J. S.

# Prophecy

When the honor of forecasting the destinies of this intellectual, ambitious, and aweinspiring body of Seniors was assigned to me, I realized fully my inability to perform this stupendous task.

Wandering along through the woods for rest and reflection, I gathered a bunch of flowers, and suddenly came upon a beautiful, babbling stream. Here I stopped to rest and to be soothed by the music of the stream. Suddenly a beautiful silver-winged Fairy danced up to me, and seeing my disconsolate face she inquired the cause. When I unburdened my heart to her she said in her sweetest accents,

"Do not despair, burdened one, if that is your only sorrow I can quickly bring back sunshine." Then to my amazement she touched with her magic wand the tiny rose clutched tightly in my feverish hand.

She said, "To secure the gift of prophecy you need only to gaze upon the petals of this rose, and you may see the destinies of that brilliant class of nineteen twelve—destinies blending sunshine and shadows, luxury and poverty, and yet destinies as changeless as the Law of the Medes and Persians." The rustling of her wings then told me that she had gone.

Senior Class of nineteen twelve, comrades, who for years have toiled together up the difficult hill of knowledge; who have conquered German with unblanched cheek, who have studied by daylight, moonlight, starlight and cometlight, the fathomless heavens, I hold in my hand that which may demand in you steadier nerve, keener penetration, greater bravery, and more courage than ever your checkered past has demanded—for upon each petal of this rose is inscribed the destiny of each of you.

On this petal I see a small schoolhouse on the crest of a hill. Children are playing in the woods near by. Soon the queen of that establishment appears in the doorway to announce to her young hopefuls that play-time is over. Her hair, parted in the middle, is drawn down tightly on each side of her face, her spectacles are adjusted with the greatest precision—indeed her whole appearance proclaims to the most careless observer that she has long since discarded all the frivolities of youth. Classmates you will not be surprised when I tell you that this is none other than Frances Glass.

The Pres. of this harmonious class after piloting us safely through so many stormy billows could not contentedly return to the monotony of every day life, but must go forward to find new conquests. It is a beautiful Sabbath, the flowers are blooming, the birds are singing, and all nature seems to have decked herself in the beauties of Spring. When I enter a small but artistic structure, I behold in the pulpit a slender man who looks strangely familiar to me. Surely I'm not mistaken, this is none other than Arthur Huffman of that brilliant class of nineteen hundred twelve.

Upon this petal appears the destiny of that one of our number who was always a belle, but who cared naught for the affections lavished upon her. In nineteen hundred seventeen there will be seen a lonely log hut in the mountains of the west boasting of but one room in which may be found

a single inhabitant, that erswhile dainty figure is shrunken and drooped, the roses on her soft cheeks have been supplanted by saffron tints and wrinkles, the beautiful eyes from which Cupid so often sent his fatal darts are dimmed and faded. Ever and Anon Mary Stroup croons there these lines to herself. Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight.

And give me one beau if but for tonight.

Through this petal I see a cabin in the mountains of North Carolina. Some distance from the house a man is gathering vegetables to carry to the market. In front of the house his wife has been picking flowers and is standing in fear and trembling awaiting further orders from her better half who soon appears upon the domestic scene. From the clouded countenance and the commanding air it is perfectly apparent that F. J. Eller is master of the situation.

On the wharf in New York City I am watching a large ocean steamer about to leave the continent. Thousands of people are rushing hither and thither as hundreds are entering the great boat. Among those hastening with headlong speed I behold a young woman with a traveling bag in her hand. How familiar seems the carriage! I hurry after her, why old girl, where on earth are you going, I ask.

"I?" why I am racing around the world on the greatest mission of mercy since the foundation of the world.

May I ask what it is?

"You can't guess?" Well it is this to burn into ashes every book in existence upon that most detestable of all subjects—Math., were the enthusiastic words of Ethel Plonk.

The next petal revealed a magnificent six-story marble structure in a superb of Washington. It attracts the attention of ever passerby for miles around. I enter those beautiful grounds with their green velvet carpets dotted here and there with exquisite flower beds. I gaze with open admiration upon this wonderful building, and as my eyes wonder over it I am attracted by an inscription over the front entrance. I draw near and read a Saintorium for Unfortunates consumed with curiosity, I enter and ask, who has charge of this unique institution.

With utter contempt this reply was flung into my face, "Do you mean to tell me that you've never heard of the world renowned specialist who owns this hospital? Then read that," he scornfully said, as he thrust a card into my outstretched hand. I read,

LILLIAN HARRILL, M. D.,

Dissatisfied in Love

All at once I seemed to be hurled into the busy City of Boston. Picking up the morning paper I was struck by the big heavy print, "The Ball of the season." Looking at it for a moment I found it to be one of the most prominent homes of the city. The place was all gayety and frivolity. Many were paying respects to the lost and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Yoder, the former of whom I at once recognized as my old classmate, R. A. Yoder, whose chief delight was cutting classes and recitations while in college. This could not have lead to anything more than a frivolous society life for Yoder.

It was peculiar, yet interesting, to note the change in one of the petals into a bright and sparkling appearance when it took the form of Music. In the course of twelve years the whole South will be stirred by the musical festivals given in all the different states. The citizens of Hickory, North Carolina, and our dear old Alma Mater will feel proud to know that the principal pianist of the occasion is our classmate, Annie Barber.

On this petal I see a beautiful temple in Germany. As I strolled through the Temple of Fame and gazed upon the famous men and women of America, I saw a face that was familiar. Time with its never ceasing flight had wrought many changes, and the face I now see bears only a slight resemblance to the girl that I once knew. Her picture had been placed on those walls as a result of her great achievements as a musician. It is needless to add that this is our old classmate, Mae Rhodes.

Classmates, the time has slipped away,  
So, in reviewing the past,  
Thinking of the dear ones with me  
When I saw the College last,  
Here's a leaf to keep in memory,  
Of the days of long ago.  
Now the happy day is ended—  
They are calling and I go.

CLASS PROPHET



## Senior Class Poem

Oh, Proudly we come together,  
The class of nineteen twelve,  
Our voices we send rebounding  
Over hill and dell,  
Naught of grief or sadness  
Among us can you name,  
What else can there be for us,  
Save honor, love and fame?

Rise up, oh class so mighty,  
And let thy name be known,  
Four years thou hast bravely battled,  
Now sweet reward thine own,  
Who else can there be like thee?  
Who with thee can compare?  
The answer cometh softly,  
"None else, such honors bear."

Thou hast not turned back, nor faltered,  
Nor with air castles didst thou play;  
And when Love did gently whisper,  
Thou didst send her quickly away,  
Bidding her wait with patience,  
Till fame was won, and fell,  
There might be pleasure anew  
For the class of nineteen twelve.

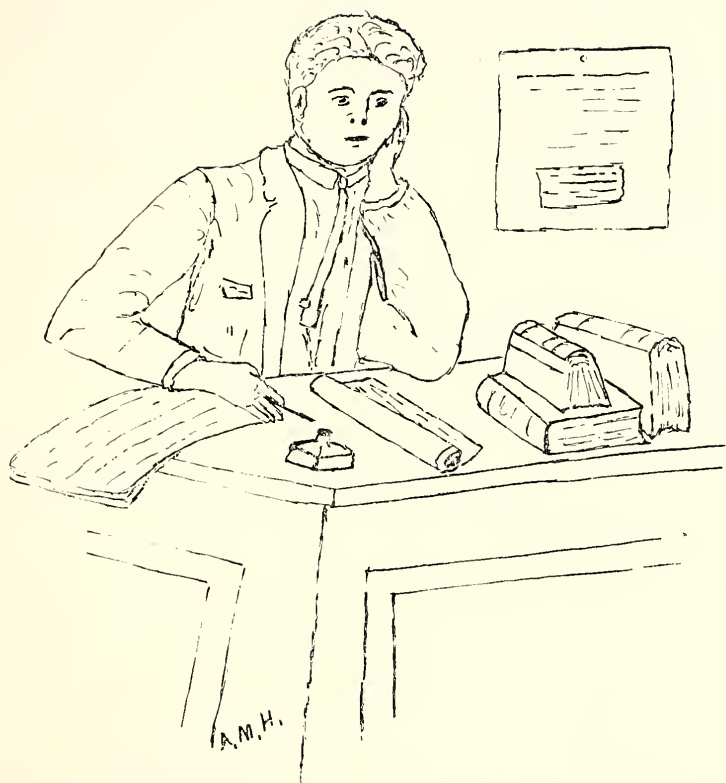
Shall we who have toiled together  
Keep these days in memories' store?  
Or, shall no thoughts ever thrill us  
Of the days that are no more?  
Need we pledge one to another,  
Or whisper, "Forget-me-not?"  
Rather let the birds cease singing  
Than we should say, "I forgot."

As College life has ended,  
And we embark upon a new,  
We need no word of parting,  
With which to keep us true,  
Among the gems in memories store

In the centre let these days be set,  
We scorn all vows to bind us,  
And to remind "Lest we forget."

What there is before us,  
'Tis not for us to know!  
It may be the serpent's hiss,  
Or sweetest praises may flow  
Yet we are not to falter,  
In this battle of life,  
But press bravely forward,  
In the thickest of the strife,  
May God his richest blessings  
Most bountifully swell  
Upon the brave, united,  
Class of nineteen twelve,

H. J. S.



LITERARY

# Philalethean Literary Society

COLORS—*Blue and White*

## OFFICERS

Nora Coulter	-	-	-	-	-	President
Jettie Plonk	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Naomi Cline	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary

## MEMBERS

Annie Barber	Lula Rudisill
Flossie Gilbert	Maude Powlas
Jettie Plonk	Ethel Mosteller
Ethel Plonk	Chloe Aderholt
Lillian Harrill	Catherine Aderholt
Naomi Cline	Nannette Rudisill
Lillian Plonk	Velma Hauss
Nora Coulter	Sallie Fisher
Mamie Lee Miller	Irene Tickle
Maie Rhodes	Mable Powlas
Annie Powlas	Ora Cobb
Ruth Parrott	





PHILAETHAN LITERARY SOCIETY

CARL A. RUDISILL  
LIBRARY  
LENOIR RHYNE COLLEGE

# Eumenean Literary Society

## OFFICERS

Charlotte Cline	-	-	-	President
Louise Eargle	-	-	-	Vice-President
Stella Wessinger	-	-	-	Secretary

## ROLL

Daisy Agner	Stella Wessinger
Nettie Black	Frances Glass
Orie Lee Black	Edna Stuck
Charlotte Cline	Nell Rudisill
Mildred Derrick	Lucy Yoder
Louise Eargle	Stella Yoder
Edna Hammon	Clara Yoder
Lelia Hagood	Dora Rhodes
Corrie Lowman	Lila Duke
Edith Shell	Blooma Glass
Mary Stroup	Minnie Bean
Rosa Wertz	Willie Maie Lineberger
Mary Abernethy	Willie Ashby
Elvira Sheely	Annie Maie Wike
Ethel Tussing	Mary Snarr
Margaret McCoy	Eloise McCoy



EUMENEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# Chrestonian Literary Society

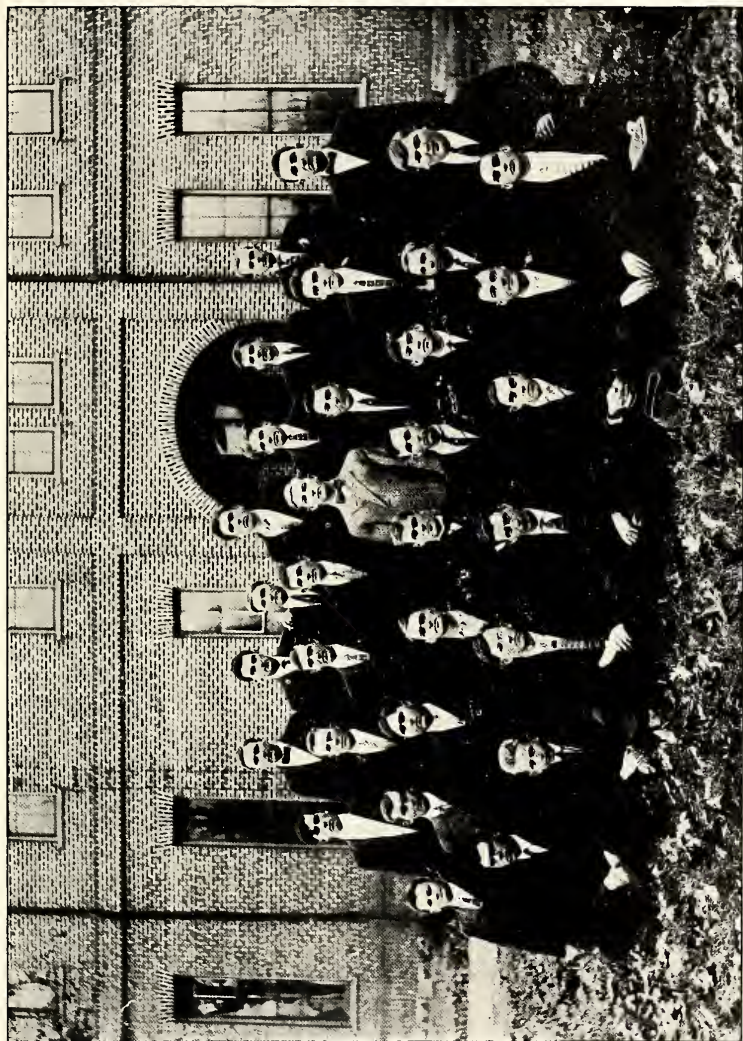
## OFFICERS

J. L. Morgan	-	-	-	-	President
A. M. Huffman	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
R. C. Lake	-	-	-	-	Recording Secretary
L. L. Lohr	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
B. T. Hale	-	-	-	-	Chaplain
E. Z. Pence	-	-	-	-	Censor
M. M. Kipps	-	-	-	-	Janitor

## ROLL

R. A. Yoder	C. L. Rhyne
A. M. Huffman	A. L. Pence
M. M. Kipps	D. M. Currie
E. Z. Pence	G. E. Rockette
R. C. Lake	J. C. Rudisill
J. L. Morgan	J. P. Rhyne
H. S. Rhyne	H. N. Troutman
J. A. Abernethy	V. V. Aderholdt
J. J. Stuck	S. L. Sease
B. T. Hale	C. B. Yount
C. A. Kipps	J. H. Blair
Fred Rudisill	A. C. Henderson
L. L. Lohr	H. E. Whitener
J. D. Rudisill	John Henderson
J. E. Shealy	C. M. Adams
G. H. Huffman	R. J. Plyler
H. M. Williams	R. H. Turbyfill
C. O. Lippard	P. R. Ashby
J. W. Mosteller	G. M. Long
R. T. Troutman	J. C. Rudisill
C. C. Carpenter	A. B. Rudisill





CHRESTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

# Euronian Literary Society

D. C. Holt	-	-	-	-	President
H. K. Drye	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
C. N. Yount	-	-	-	-	Secretary
C. E. Fritz	-	-	-	-	Censor
N. D. Yount	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
J. L. Sox	-	-	-	-	Janitor

## ROLL

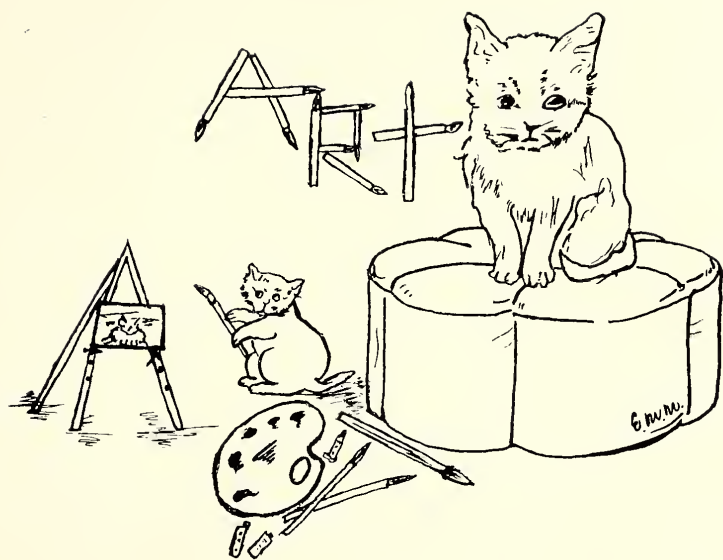
L. E. Bolick	Roy C. Huffman
F. L. Conard	J. W. Mouser
C. V. Cline	L. O. Parker
H. K. Drye	G. G. L. Sawyer
Leroy Deaton	H. J. Shealy
F. J. Eller	L. W. Shimpock
H. L. Faggart	R. H. Shuford
P. L. Finger	E. E. Smith
C. E. Fritz	J. L. Sox
J. A. Frye	A. K. Stevens
Paul Greene	E. D. Whisenant
Luke P. Hahn	D. P. Whitley
G. E. Harward	C. N. Yount
D. C. Holt	N. D. Yount
J. C. Horney	M. C. Yoder
R. S. Howie	



EURONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY







# Art Department

Miss Estelle Messenger, Teacher

## COLORS

*Lavender and Gold*

## FLOWER

*Violet*

## MOTTO

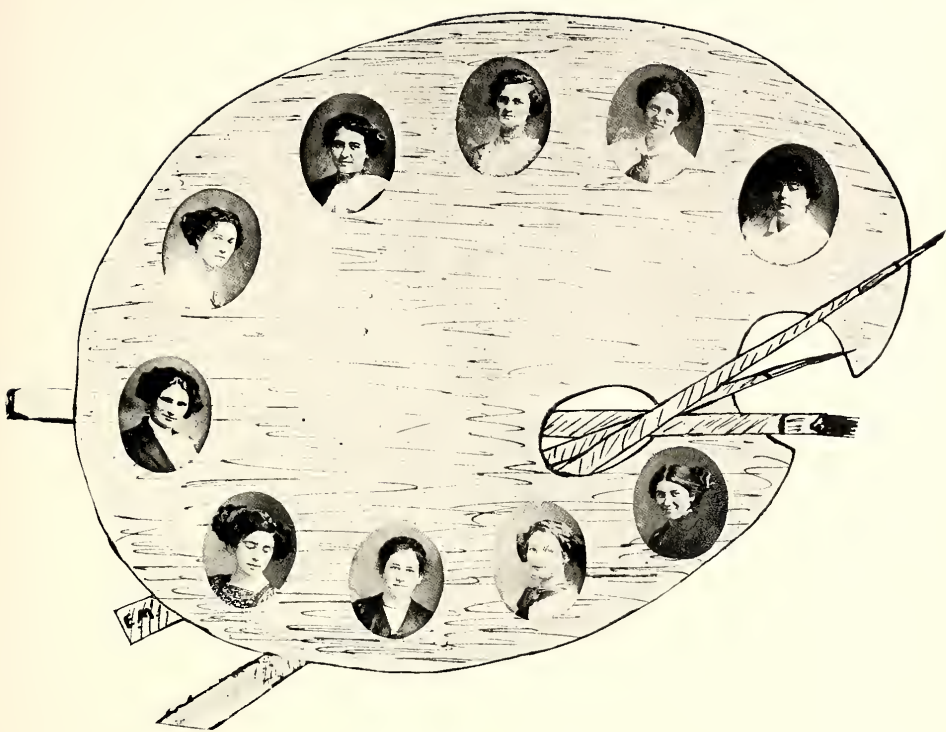
*Perseverance*

## OFFICERS

Nell Rudisill	-	-	-	-	President
Irene Tickle	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Birdie Huitt	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Maude Crowell	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Ethel Mosteller	-	-	-	-	Cartoonist

## ROLL

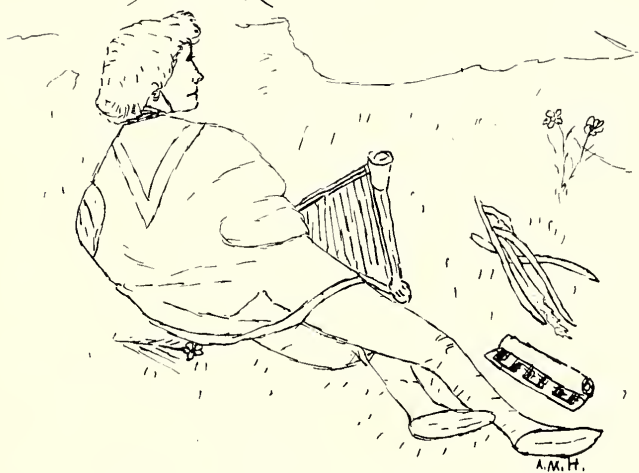
Clara Yoder	Willie Ashby
Annie Mae Kite	Ethel Mosteller
Nell Rudisill	Eloise McCoy
Irene Tickle	Miss Stecher
Flossie Gilbert	Maud Crowell
Mrs. Ed Shuford	Pearl Moretz
Bertie Huitt	



ART CLASS



# MUSIC



# The Presto and Crescendo Music Club

## MOTTO

*Through difficulties we reach the stars*

## COLORS

*Lavender and Gold*

## FLOWER

*Lilac*

## OFFICERS

Barbara Rudisill	-	-	-	-	President
Maie Rhodes	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Miriam Deaton	-	-	-	-	Secretary

## ROLL

Naomi Cline	Barbara Rudisill
Miriam Deaton	Mary Snarr
Annie Barber	Estelle Wolff
Lillian Plonk	Mildred Derrick
Louise Eargle	Willie Mae Lineberger
Nell Rudisill	Ora Lee Black
Edna Stuck	Cora Sease
Stella Wessinger	Geretta Miller
Maie Rhodes	Laura Miller
Corrie Lowman	Maud Powlas
Ethel Plonk	Annie Powlas
Katherine Fritz	Mabel Powlas
Irene Tickle	Bertha Rhodes
Lela Hagood	Pearl Moretz
Sallie Fisher	Essie Robinson
Annie Maie Kite	Minnie Beam
Nanette Rudisill	Newell Haigler
Willie Ashby	Arthur Huffman
Ethel Mosteller	Pauline Bischoff
Nettie Black	Mabel Barkley
Margaret McCoy	Eloise McCoy
C. M. Adams	



PRESTO AND CRESCENDO MUSIC CLUB

# Voice Class

COLORS  
*Green and Gold*

FLOWER  
*Goldenrod*

MOTTO  
*Use the mirror*

## OFFICERS

Barbara Rudisill	-	-	-	President
Corrie Lowman	-	-	-	Vice-President
Nell Rudisill	-	-		Secretary & Treasurer

## ROLL

Barbara Rudisill	Mildred Derrick
Ethel Mosteller	Mrs. R. L. Fritz
Willie Mae Lineberger	Nell Rudisill
Willie Ashby	Annie Powlas
Mabel Little	Lela Miller
Maude Powlas	Mr. Clarence Ingold
Margaret McCoy	Stella Wessinger
Mr. Max Long	Ruth Parrott
Mable Powlas	Frances Glass
Corrie Lowman	



Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on the upper line of each staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The words 'Should' and 'auld' are written below the first staff, and 'acquaintance' is written below the second staff. The words 'be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?' are written below the third staff. There are circular portraits of people placed on the notes of the melody. The portraits are of various people, including men and women, and are arranged in a way that they appear to be part of the musical notation.

# Oak View Orchestra

## DIRECTOR

Prof. Karl B. Patterson

## ROLL

Prof. K. B. Patterson

Miss Hallman

Howard Rhyne

Everett Fritz

Luke Hahn

Barbara Rudisill

Mariam Deaton

Ethel Plonk

John Henderson

Newell Haigler

Clarence Ingold



OAK VIEW ORCHESTRA



DRAMATICS



# Dramatic Club

## COLORS

*Light Blue and Gold*

## FLOWER

*White Daisy*

## MOTTO

*Esse quam videri*

## OFFICERS

Frances Glass	-	-	-	-	President
Maie Rhodes	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Lula Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Secretary

## ROLL

Corrie Lowman	Willie Ashby
Edna Hammon	Maie Rhodes
Clara Yoder	Lula Rudisill
Annie Powlas	Stella Yoder
Frances Glass	Nell Rudisill
Pearl Miller	Mabel Barkley
Ruth Parrott	Pearl Moretz



DRAMATIC CLUB

# Business Class

## OFFICERS

James Blair	-	-	-	-	President
Elsie Miller	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Velma Hauss	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Robert Howie	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

## MOTTO

*Work makes life sweet*

## COLORS

*Violet and White*

## ROLL

James Blair	Willie Mae Lineberger
Maude Crowell	Elsie Miller
Ryan Dreher	Laura Frye Miller
Ora Alva Cobb	Lois Peterson
Robert Howie	Ora Sigmon
Velma Hauss	Cora Sease
Aldis Henderson	Hill Smith
Edna Huffman	Bertha Rhodes
Bertha Harris	Roy Turbyfill
Alice Witherspoon	Birdie Yonce





BUSINESS CLASS



GLEE CLUBS

# Girls Glee Club

COLORS  
*Green and White*

FLOWER  
*Dogwood*

MOTTO  
*Always smiling and singing*

## OFFICERS

Annie Barber	-	-	-	-	President
Nellie Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Lottie Cline	-	-	-		Secretary & Treasurer

## ROLL

Jettie Plonk	Flossie Gilbert
Lottie Cline	Lillian Plonk
Mary Abernethy	Bertie Hewitt
Minnie Beam	Willie Mae Lineberger
Ethel Mosteller	Elvira Shealey
Louise Eargle	Lila Duke
Naomi Cline	Lelia Hogood
Miriam Deaton	Nettie Black
Nellie Rudisill	Ora Lee Black
Mary Snarr	Annie Barringer
Stella Yoder	Sallie Fischer
Willie Ashby	Ethel Tussing
Blooma Glass	Annie Mae Kite
Edna Hammon	Velma Haus
Mildred Derrick	Daisey Agnes
Cora Sease	Mammie Lee Miller
Chloe Aderholt	Nannette Rudisill
Catharine Aderholt	Pearl Moretz
Clara Yoder	Bertha Rhodes
Corrie Lowman	Frances Glass
Lucy Yoder	Elsie Miller
Irene Tickle	Eugenia Long

## Young Men's Glee Club

Prof. Rudisill

J. L. Morgan

H. L. Rhyne

L. P. Hahn

C. E. Fritz

John Henderson

N. D. Yount

L. L. Lohr

C. M. Adams

L. E. Bolick

Clarence Ingold

C. Lippard

C. N. Yount

# BIBLE SOCIETIES



# Oakview Missionary Guild

## OFFICERS

Ethel Plonk	-	-	-	-	President
Maie Rhodes	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Ethel Tussing	-	-	-	-	Secreary
Frances Glass	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

## ROLL

Nettie Black	Naomi Cline
Orie Lee Block	Miriam Deaton
Blooma Glass	Edna Stuck
Flossie Gilbert	Stella Wessinger
Irene Tickle	Ethel Tussing
Ethel Mosteller	Mamie Lee Miller
Maie Rhodes	Lela Hagood
Ethel Plonk	Edna Hammon
Frances Glass	Mildred Derrick
Lottie Cline	Nell Rudisill
Miss Shirey	Lillian Harrill
Miss Rudisill	Catharyn Aderholdt
Corrie Lowman	Lula Rudisill
Louise Eargle	Willie Ashby
Honorary Member	
Carrie Housenflook	

# Young Men's Bible Society

## OFFICERS

M. M. Kipps	-	-	-	-	President
J. L. Morgan	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
F. J. Eller	-	-	-	-	Secretary

## ROLL

M. M. Kipps	E. Z. Pence
J. L. Morgan	H. S. Rhyne
F. J. Eller	M. C. Yoder
J. E. Shealey	R. J. Plyler
A. O. Lippard	J. M. Patterson
C. E. Fritz	R. T. Troutman
L. W. Shimpock	G. E. Rockett
B. T. Hale	D. M. Currie
R. C. Lake	Leroy Deaton
C. A. Kipps	P. R. Ashby
F. Conrad	J. C. Horney
J. L. Rudisill	O. N. Haigler
V. V. Aderholdt	C. M. Adams
S. L. Sease	D. C. Holt

## HONARARY MEMBERS

Miriam Deaton	Annie Barber
Frances Glass	Corrie Lowman

## Student Commission

J. F. Eller	-	-	-	-	President
J. L. Morgan	-	-	-	-	Secretary
R. C. Lake	-	-	-	-	Junior Representative
T. P. Rhyne	-	-	-	-	Sophomore Representative
C. L. Rhyne	-	-	-	-	Freshman Representative
S. G. Lohr	-	-	-	-	Officiary Member





STUDENT'S COMMISSION

## Watch Yourself Go By

Just stand aside, and watch yourself go by;

Think of yourself as "He" instead of "I."

Pick flaws, find fault; forget the man is you,

And strive to make your estimate ring true,

The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,

Love's chain grow strong by one mighty link,

When you with "He" as substitute for "I"

Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—*Stickland W. Gillillan*

# ATHLETICS



# To the Men Who Hold the Line

(A Foot Ball Toast)

O, the fullback bows to the cheering crowd  
And the halves, and the quarters, too,  
And the praise ascends to the plucky ends  
Who fight for the red or blue;  
To none so great do I dedicate  
This poor little verse of mine—  
But here's to those in the fighting rows,  
To the men who hold the line!

You watch the game and you'll all exclaim;  
"Just look at that fellow run!"  
And you'll shout and roar when the struggle's o'er  
That the game was only won  
By the fullback's pluck in that splendid buck  
That carried him to the goal;  
But you don't see fit to think a bit  
Of the man who made the hole,

Yes, the fullback has his meed of thanks,  
And the quarter "did it all"  
And the halves are praised and a voice is raised  
For the ends who took the ball;  
Now take your cup and fill it up  
To the brim with the dancing wine;  
A toast to those in the fighting rows,  
To the men who hold the line!—Ex.



MGR. & CAPT. OF FOOT BALL AND BASE BALL TEAMS

# Foot Ball Team

## OFFICERS

COACH	CAPTAIN	MANAGER
Fleet Williams	L. L. Lohr	J. A. Abernethy

## LINE-UP

Center.....	C. L. Rhyne
Right Guard.....	Roy Turbyfill
Right Tackle.....	V. V. Aderholdt
Right End.....	G. M. Long
Right Halfback.....	J. H. Blair
Fullback.....	L. L. Lohr
Left Guard.....	H. E. Bands
Left Tackle.....	B. Green
Left End.....	Fred Rudisill
Left Halfback.....	G. E. Rockett
Quarter Back.....	R. A. Yoder

## SUBS

J. D. Rudisill, J. L. Henderson, R. S. Howie, J. L. Sox,  
L. W. Shimpock,



FOOT BALL TEAM



# Base Ball Line-Up

## OFFICERS

COACH	CAPTAIN	MANAGER
Fleet Williams	Fred Rudisill	F. J. Eller

## PLAYERS

Fleet Williams.....	1st base
Fred Rudisill.....	2nd base
Dave Williams.....	S. S.
P. C. Mackie.....	3rd base
J. J. Stuck.....	Catcher
R. Poole.....	Pitcher
J. L. Sox.....	Left Field
R. J. Plyler.....	Center Field
P. Green.....	Right Field

## SUBS

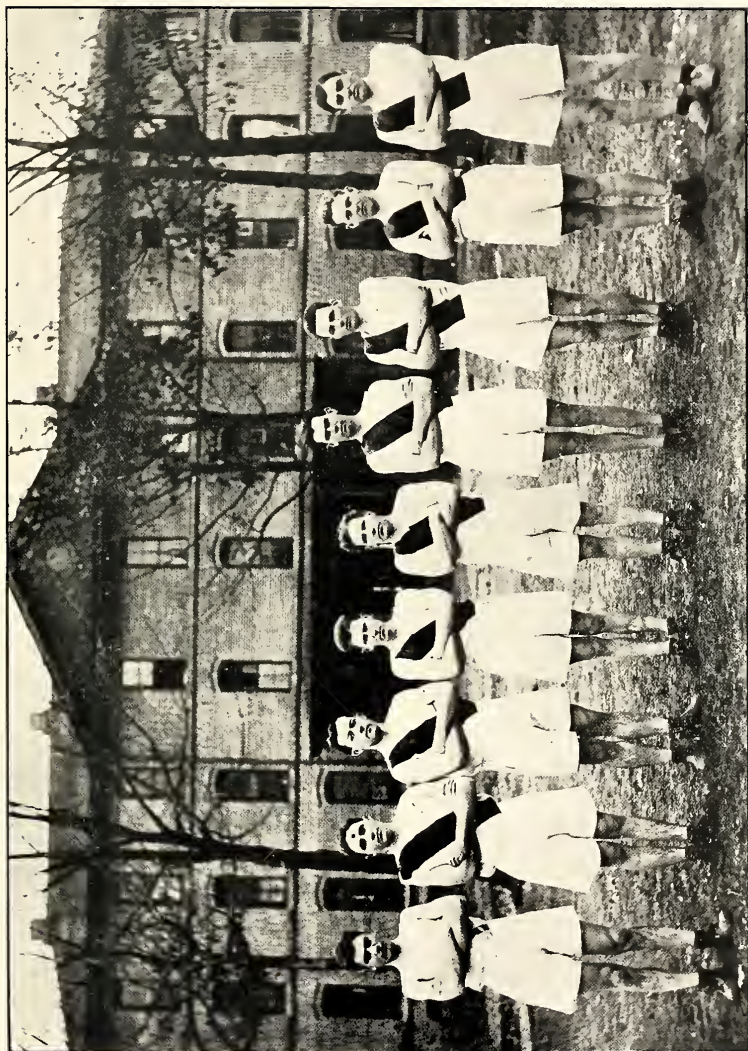
L. L. Lohr, O. L. Parker, J. A. Frye, R. S. Howie



BASE BALL TEAM

## Track Team

Johh S. Henderson .....	Manager
Richard S. Little.....	Coach
Hundred yard dash.....	J. S. Sox
220 yard dash.....	John S. Henderson
	J. N. Kincaid
440 yard dash.....	John S. Henderson
	Oliver Litiker
Half-mile run.....	H. G. Henderson
	L. L. Lohr
One mile.....	G. H. Huffman
" .....	N. C. Yoder
Standing high jump.....	Carl Whistenhunt
Standing broad jump.....	Fred Rudisill
Running high jump.....	C. E. Fritz
Running broad jump.....	H. C. Henderson
Shot put.....	J. A. Abernethy



TRACK TEAM

# Young Ladies Athletic Association

## OFFICERS

Lillian Harill	-	-	-	-	President
Miriam Deaton	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Naomi Cline	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Louise Eargle	-	-	-	-	Treasurer
Miriam Deaton	-	-	-	-	Manager

## ROLL

Lula Rudisill	Nell Rudisill
Louise Eargle	Lillian Harrill
Annie Barber	Lelia Hagood
Corrie Lowman	Edna Stuck
Miriam Deaton	Elvira Shealey
Ethel Plonk	Lila Duke
Stella Wessinger	Naomi Cline
Nannette Rudisill	Jettie Plonk
Annie Barringer	Frances Glass
Rose Wertz	Maie Rhodes
Willie Ashby	Edna Hammond



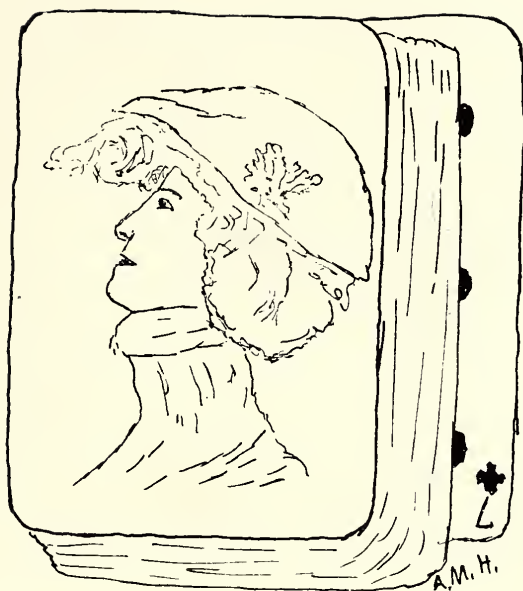


YOUNG LADIES ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



## Varsity Tennis

E. Z. Pence	-	-	-	-	-	-	Manager
B. I. Newsom	1						
B. T. Hale	1	-	-	-	-	-	Double
M. M. Kipps	-	-	-	-	-	-	Single



CLUBS



# Rowan County Club

## MOTTO

*Git up and git, and not sit up and sit.*

## COLORS

*Dark green and white*

## EMBLEM

*White Carnation*

## YELL

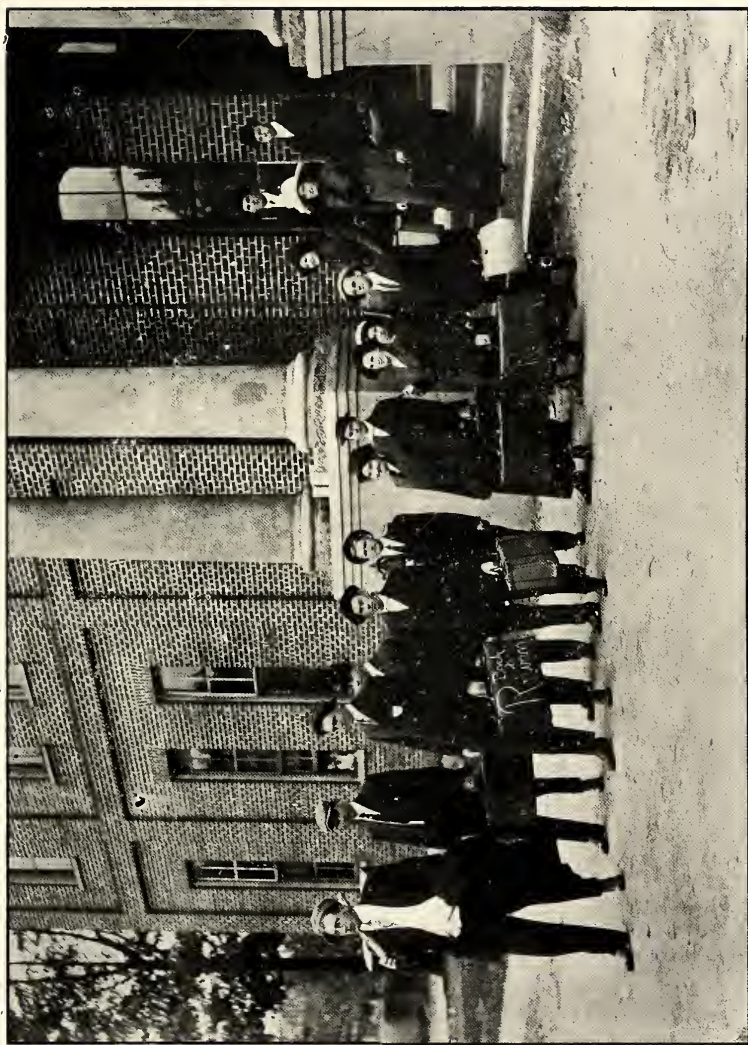
“Rah, Rah! Ma, Ma! Pa, Pa! Help!”

## OFFICERS

F. J. Eller	-	-	-	-	President
Annie Powlas	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
J. L. Morgan	-	-			Secretary and Treasurer

## ROLL

Prof. K. B. Patterson	F. J. Eller
Annie Barber	Mabel Powlas
H. L. Faggert	C. C. Dowel
Maude Powlas	J. W. Kinkaid
R. J. Plyer	J. A. Rendleman
Daisy Agner	J. F. Shafer
F. R. Bailey	B. I. Newsom



ROWAN CLUB

# Rudisill Club

## COLORS

*Light blue and Gold*

## FLOWER

*Blue forget-me not*

## MOTTO

*Vergessen wir uns nicht!*

## OFFICERS

Fred Rudisill	-	-	-	-	President
Nell Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
Aubrey Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Lula Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

## ROLL

Prof. W. A. Rudisill	Lula Rudisill
Miss Barbara Rudisill	Aubrey Rudisill
John Rudisill	Justus Rudisill
Nannette Rudisill	Fred Rudisill
David Rudisill	Nell Rudisill



RUDISILL CLUB

# The Sandlappers

## MOTTO

*Dumspirospero*

## EMBLEM

*Palmetto*

## COLORS

*Navy Blue and White*

## YELL

Ripper-rapper, ripper-rapper! Sand-lapper, Sandlapper!  
Ripper-rapper, ripper-rapper! Sandlapper, Sandlapper!  
Who are we? what are we? S. C. at L. C! Rah!

## OFFICERS

H. J. Sheely	-	-	Big Sand Fiddler
Corrie Lowman	-	-	Little Sand Fiddler
Stella Wessinger	-	-	Sand Scratcher
H. K. Drye	-	-	Sand Banker

## ROLL

Stuck, J. J.	Wessinger, Stella
Shealey, J. E.	Shealy, Elvira
Shealy, Ceber	Hagood, Lelia
Williams, Miller	Lineberger, Willie May
Haigler, O. N.	Long, Eugenia
Suygert, Omerle	Eargle, Louise
Dreher, Rhyne	Cline, Naomi
Sawyer, George	Deaton, Mariam
Lake, R. C.	Stuck, U. E.
Drye, H. K.	Wertz, Rose
Shealy, H. J.	Sease, Cora
Sox, J. S.	Black, Nettie
Stuck, Edna	Lowman, Corrie
Duke Lila	Derrick, Mildred
	Black, Ora Lee

(Sandlappers In Facultate)

Miss Lillie Belle Hallman	-	-	-	Musie
Dr. K. A. Price	-	-	-	Physiology and Hygiene





SANDLAPPERS

## “Old Dominion Club”

MOTTO

*Libertas et Aequalitas*

## COLORS

*Light Blue and Old Gold*

## EMBLEM

*Lily of the Valley*

## SONG

*"Mid the green fields of Old Virginia*

## DRINK

### Mint Julep

### MERRY MIXER OF THE MINTS

*Will Ashby*

YELL.

Hul-lo-go-lee! Hul-lo-go-lee!  
Virginians—Virginians,  
At Old L. C.

v Willie Ashby v E. Z. Pence President v Anna Kite v  
 v Paul Ashby v Edna Hammon, v.P. v Ethel Mosteller v  
 v B. T. Hale v B.T.Hale, Sec. v E. Z. Pence v  
 v Edna Hammon v May Snarr v  
 v M. M. Kipps v Ethel Tussing v  
 v C. A. Kipps v Katherine Stirewalt v  
 v Prof. M. L. Stirewalt, A. M. v  
 v Prof. W. J. Stirewalt v  
 v v v v v v v v v v v v v v v



OLD DOMINION CLUB



# Lincoln County Club

## OFFICERS

L. L. Lohr	-	-	-	-	President
J. D. Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Maude Crowell	-	-	-	-	Secretary
Nell Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Treasurer

## MOTTO

*Vivere et discere*

## COLORS

*Pink and White*

## FLOWER

*Pink Pie. et Pea*

## MEMBERS

Minnie Beam	Nanette Rudisill
Nell Rudisill	Mable Barkley
Maude Crowell	Blair Yount
Velma Hauss	Arthur Pence
Mae Rhodes	L. L. Lohr
Bertha Rhodes	J. D. Rudisill
Pearl Moretz	Clayton Carpenter

LINCOLN COUNTY CLUB



# The Lenoirian

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J. L. Sox, 1914	

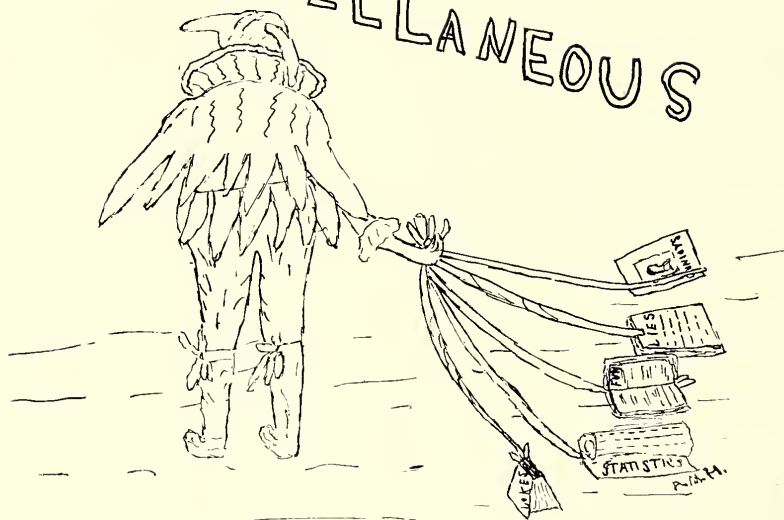
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LENOIRIAN STAFF

# MISCELLANEOUS



## Class Spirit

"Where have you been Charles Bunks?" cried Henry Calix bursting into Charles' room out of breath. "Why haven't you been out to help defend the Soph flag?"

Henry Calix was an athletic fellow of eighteen with red hair and small sharp red eyes. Feeling his importance, he always ran his mouth into everything. He was liked, only by a few. But when they let him play fullback he could get a crowd together to play football better than anyone on the campus.

"Cal, you know what I told you before you began all this," replied Bunks, a rather quiet boy with brown eyes, and brown wavy hair. "I don't care if you did get beat, you very well know I don't propose taking any part in scrapping for an old flag."

"You have no class spirit, that is all," snapped Cal again.

"Yes, as long as there is useless scrapping in it," said Charles, calmly taking his eyes off his book, and looking at Calix who was wiping the blood off his face.

"Say, is that all you got, red dy Cal?" Is that all?" asked Bunks laughing.

"No, just look here," he said, showing several bruises which had been given him by the Freshmen. Charles looked at him several times and laughed.

When Calix saw him laughing, it made him angry. He said roughly, "You are nothing but a coward, Charles Bunks, and you know it."

"Who are you calling a coward, Cal? Do you mean that for me?" exclaimed Charles, his eyes sparkling, and his calm face changed to that of a stern man.

Rising from his seat he walked over to Calix, and said looking straight into his little red eyes, "When I have done something for which to be called a coward, you may call me one, but not until then, I have just as much class spirit as you, you torch head. Wait and see if I haven't!"

"No you haven't, you coward!" cried Calix, as he was running out of the room.

Shortly afterwards two of Calix's Soph. chums and a Prep, his roommate, were gathered in his room.

"That old Charles Bunks is nothing but a coward, and I told him so too," said Calix.

"And what did he say?" asked Jake Halley.

"Ah, he flew up and said he was just as good as I and had just as much class spirit."

"Well he hasn't," said the other chum, Paul Miller, a boy of about the same temperament. "If he had he would have come out and helped us and not have let us get beat so badly."

"How badly did you get beat?" asked Sam Pickens the little Prep who thought the world was like the red-headed Calix.

"They just ran over us and each one has a hat band out of our flag," spoke out Jake.



"No they didn't either, for I whipped two of them so badly that they weren't able to tear a piece of our flag," said Calix with a dignified air.

"Now you know that is not true for I saw Jack Jenking knock you down three times as fast as you got up. It was you who could not tear that flag," said Paul laughing.

"No, you are wrong Paul Miller," said Sam, Calix's worshiper.

"What do you know about it, Prep. You were in bed when it all happened," retorted Miller.

"Well I was taking his word for it," said Sam.

After a few minutes silence, Calix said, "And I'll bet they'll get that old coward Bunks as fullback in the class game against the Freshmen too."

"If they did I wouldn't play," said the little prep with his eyes on Calix. Just then the bell rang and the boys went down to breakfast.

The day had come at last for the class game between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Charles Bunks had been given fullback as Calix had expected. Being hurt over this he would not play at all although he had been given right halfback.

Soon after the line up was published Calix went around, and told that Bunks was a coward for he would not defend his own flag. He did not see why they had to put him in such a responsible position. This caused the Manager and Captain to consider the matter with the Coach. But it was decided that since they had placed him in the position they would let it go and see how it would come out. This troubling the Captain and making the Sophs feel anxious about Bunks pleased Calix.

The hour had at last arrived and both teams were on the field. Calix and his crowd were to themselves and in a sulky mood; but before the game started all left Calix to go root for one or the other side. Calix remained at the Freshman goal.

The game began. During the first quarter the ball was given to Bunks several times and he lost every time. This pleased Henry Calix so much that he arose to his feet, and ran along the side line, in the spirit of the game.

The second quarter did not progress any better although the ball was passed to the halfbacks. It seemed that the Sophs would never gain any ground.

The third quarter was more exciting although the fullback did not touch the ball. And at the end of this quarter the score was eleven for the Sophomores and fifteen for the Freshmen.

Just before beginning the fourth quarter there was wild rooting on both sides. But on the Freshmen side, the rooting seemed the louder. This drew Calix for just as the quarter was taking up he joined the Freshmen, poking fun at Bunks.

As the game was close to the Freshmen side of the field he could see the cool, set face of Bunks. Almost the whole quarter was spent in going back and forth in the centre of the field. It happened that Bunks had not had the ball for the last two quarters.

The quarterback remembering what had been said of him, hesitated in

giving the ball to Bunks, but the two halfbacks were out of breath, so he quickly threw it to Bunks. He went through the line and gained fifteen yards. As this was done Calix seemed stuned. He wanted to yell for him, but couldn't, for he remembered what he had done against him.

It was only half a minute until time would be up and forty yards were to be made. The quarterback threw the ball again to Bunks, this time for an end run. He got around the end by dodging several Freshmen. Now the field was open to him, except for Jack Jenkins the Freshman fullback. About five yards from the goal he met this player. How he would pass Jack he did not know, but he kept on. When he was near him he started to dodge to the right of his apponent, but finding that impossible he turned to the left and as he passed Jack, Jack fell down grabbling at Bunks' heels triping him and sending him head long at the goal. The crowd held their breath, Bunks fell with his arms stretched; the ball in the end of his fingers. Placing the ball just on the line he rolled over, stunned.

"Times up!" yelled the time keeper.

Then the crowd carried Bunks to his room where he soon recovered and was listening to the story of the game. After doing all they could for him the boys left feeling that he would like to rest.

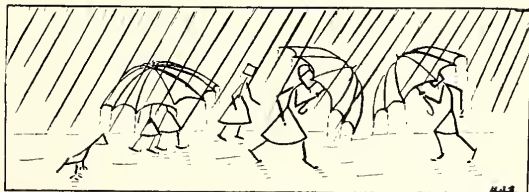
Soon after the noise had quieted down, Bunks heard someone come softly to his door and knock lightly.

"Come in," said Bunks, in his own sweet tone.

The door opened and Calix came in with his head down. He walked to the side of the bed and said,

"Say Bunks, you do have class spirit; lots more than I do." Then turned around and left.

A. M. HUFFMAN





# Heard in Song

---

Leroy Deaton—"Have you Seen My Kitty?"

Abvrey Rudisill—"Perhaps."

---

Blooma Glass—"Of What is my Heart Singing?"

John Morgan—"If I but Knew."

---

Sease—"I've Taken Quite a Fancy to you Dear."

Eugenia Long—"Oh Paradise!"

---

C. E. Fritz—"Put me Amongst the Girls."

"Bill" Ashby—"When I'm Gone."

---

Ora Cobb—"Does Anybody Want a Blonde?"

J. A. Abernethy—"I'm Looking for a Sweetheart, and I Think You'll Do."

---

Bob Price—"Meet me in Rosetime Rosie."

Rosie Wertz—"Make a Noise Like a Hoop, and Roll Away."

---

Clempson Lenoir—"O! Maiden, Thou Hast Eyes of Blue."

Naomi Chne—"Soldier, Take My Heart With You."

---

F. J. Eller—"Everybody Loves Me but the one I Love,"

Lillian Harrill—"Never Give Up."

"Monkey" Sheely—"How'd you Like to Spoon With Me?"

"Polly" Parrott—"Could I?"

---

R. A. Yoder—"Gee, its Great to be in Love."

Miss Rudisill—"I Know."

---

Paul Green—"Every One You Meet has Troubles."

Lillian Plonk—"And have You, too?"

---

"They Kissed, I Saw Them do it."—Gossip.

"Somebody I Know and You Know too."—Gossip.

---

H. L. Faggart—"Say Boys, I've Found a Girl."

John Stuck—"I'm Awfully Afraid of Girls."

---

Margaret McCoy—"I Love You Truly."

John Henderson—"Who'll be the Next?"

---

"Spid"—"Come out Mr. Sunshine."

"Doc"—"If You are There."

## Senior Bon Fire

Spectators may ask what curious and ancient ceremony we now propose to celebrate. A "Fantasy," we would answer, "by means of which we hope to rid ourselves of some unpleasant possessions." From an ancient custom, the purpose of which was to burn heretical or forbidden books, we get our idea of a bon fire. It is not our purpose, however, to destroy books of this nature but those that we feel will mar the freedom of school life.

Thanks and gratitude we must render to Prometheus, in passing, for his brave deed in obtaining fire for mankind. Against the command of Zeus, the supreme god, he ascended the Olympian height to secure the blessing for which he was severely punished. But for him we could not enjoy this triumph tonight. May we not ascribe all honor to Prometheus?

Classmates, we hold the sceptre tonight! The battle is over! The victory is ours!

We have climed the strenuous upward way,  
Though not without hard fight,  
And the precious palms of victory,  
We bear this precious night.

We are not selfish enough to wish all happiness for ourselves, but victory is so sweet when the conquered are books and teachers! Ah, no; for the only pleasure that we have derived from the study most hateful to us was its association with its only admirer, the teacher.

In bondage these books have enthralled us! They have stolen the flesh from our bones, the bloom from our cheeks, and the gleam from our eyes. How we have struggled with triangles, with syllogisms, with historical dates and with productions of Shakespeare! It seemed to us that a chemical reaction would result, and that we would become atoms. We are certain that the candle-maker has become rich through our struggles.

We would be free! But free from what? We would be free from form and letter, and enter into spirit and motion. We would see beyond the mere page and discover the truth behind the fact. Not that the very memory or thought of school is hateful to us, and that we wish forever to blot it out. By no means. Happy recollections, on the contrary, are so many and so sacred to us, that we are anxious to destroy anything that would detract from the perfect beauty of the picture.

Extremely pleasant it is to us to know that we may now reduce to ashes the books which have troubled our dreams, lo, these many days. One thought still disturbs us! The "Big Book" in the Presidents office must remain undisturbed, with its story of varied success. We are only consoled by the fact that it contains the password for us all.

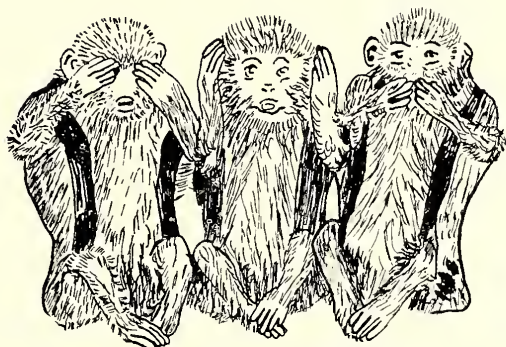
Let us leave in these ashes all that we would forget, and may the smoke rising from them ever higher and higher be a symbol of our hopes and aspirations for the future! May their torment be a hundred-fold greater than that which they have inflicted upon us.

Byron says that revenge is sweet— and, in support of Byron, I cast in-  
to this bon fire the book I would see no more. For

There have been many horrid books,  
And many, many horrid looks,  
But surely this is now the limit—  
*A roll-book with a zero in it.*

— H. J. S.

*Strictly Under Christian Influences.*



*See no evil; Hear no evil; Speak no evil.*

## Life at Oak View

Freedom reigns at Oak View this year, and it may well be called a "Do as you please land." Everyone goes around with a smiling countenance all the time. Miss Shirey bestows a pleasant smile on everyone she meets, and especially if she finds them hollering or running in the halls. All the other teachers seem to have the same pleasant smile as Miss Shirey. In short Oak View is almost a heaven on earth, where peace and good will reign supreme.

But for fear you get the idea that we don't have any rules or regulations at all, I had better give you a few of our don'ts.

Don't put your head out of your door except when requested to by a teacher.

Don't be one minute late at your practice periods; if you are you get a reprimand.

Don't hurry through the halls; not even to your practice periods.

Don't go in anyone's room, and don't let anyone come in yours.

Don't sneeze or cough unless in your room with the door shut.

Don't call anyone by name.

Don't go out at the front door.

Don't make any noise if you get hurt; just grin and endure it.

Don't drop your books in the hall.

Don't look out at your window.

Now how could anyone help feeling that they are almost in heaven when they realize how many just such things they must remember all the time. Now you might think that we could get out of keeping some of these requirements, but when you go through the hall almost any hour in the night and find Miss Woods perched on a trunk out in the hall up stairs, and have every teacher stick her head out of her door and ask you what you are doing, and then go down stairs and see Miss Shirey marching through all the halls, you are compelled to change your mind.

We get the effects of all this watching on Friday evenings at prayers. In fact, it is done for the benefit of the Friday evening programs. One of which I shall now give you.

On Friday evenings we have a special program at prayers. First we sing a hymn, then Miss Shirely reads a scripture selection and leads in prayer. Next she reads the questions out of the question box. Some of these questions are very amusing, such as, "Should a girl receive candy from a boy? If a girl is crazy about a boy and he goes with another girl should she try to stop them so as to get him herself?" Then Miss Shirey picks up a little memorandum book and reads, "Ethel Plonk one reprimand for running through the hall January 20, Rose one reprimand for calling Margaret in the hall, one for getting sugar from the kitchen, and one for looking out at her window when the door bell rang January 22, Frances Glass one reprimand for running in the hall January 21, and one for talking to the boys January 23, Lillian Plonk two reprimands for falling down stairs and causing unnecessary disturbance January 23, Eloise one reprim-

and for taking "Tiny" to see Nell during study period January 21." We all enjoy this special program very much and especially since it is so varied.

There is one thing I don't understand at Oak View, and that is the very bad health of some of the girls. We have an excellent climate, wholesome food, and all that, and yet we have so much sickness of a very peculiar kind. They seem to take the disease on Saturday nights after light bell, and are very ill until after church time on Sunday evenings. Miss Shirey has tried many remedies, but none work so well as telling them that she is going to send for Dr. Shuford. Do you know, he must be a wonderful doctor for at the very mention of his name they recover immediately.

Another thing that is somewhat peculiar is the way things get away from you here. Look out privileges! If you ever want to see your privileges any more, you had better lock them up in your trunk for the very first time Miss Shirey finds them out running around she snatches them, or puts them——? I don't know where, but if I ever find out I shall surely tell you.

H——

# Fussy Little Demon's Club

## OFFICERS

Naomi Cline—Littlest member, and biggest demon.

Lillian Plonk—Biggest F. L. D. and an angel of the diabolical kind.

Rosa Wertz—The Guardian Angel.

Louise Eargle—Bread Catcher.

## MEMBERS

Annie Barber	-	-	-	-	Music demon
Jettie Plonk	-	-	-	-	True to the Club
Nellie Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Biggest flirt
Miriam Deaton	-	-	-	-	Suffering from Cupids dart
Lula Rudisill	-	-	-	-	Always has her way
Pearl Moretz	-	-	-	-	Fat little demon

# Constitution of the F. L.D. Club

## Preamble

We, the ten F. L. D's. of Oak View Home, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic disturbances, provide for our demon like dispositions, promote general teefing, secure the blessings of Prof. Fritz, and demerits of Miss Shirey, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the F. L. D. Club.

### ARTICLE I.

This Club, of a very angelic nature, shall be called the F.L.D. Club.

### ARTICLE II.

Sec. I. This Club shall be composed of Fussy, Little, and Demonish members.

Sec. II. Any inmate of Oak View Home who has never been a pet of Miss Shirey shall be eligible to active membership, and being initiated shall immediately become a member upon her taking the required pledge.

### ARTICLE III.

Sec. I Every member of this Club is required to take a part in each meeting of this Club, and faithfully to perform all duties assigned them.

Sec. II. Each member is required to do the following:

1. Demon-like conduct on all occasions (especially in Church.)  
2—Always be on time at meals, and put butter and bread in coat pocket before the arrival of Miss Shirey—Eat fast, and then discuss love. Be fifteen minutes late for classes, and practice periods, and receive a reprimand.

3—Never study during study period. Get your knowledge from a novel.

4—See that your room is always topsy-turvy.

5—Slip out from afternoon walks after Miss Shirey has called the roll.

6—Make it your duty to keep all lady teachers awake until the small hours of the morning, and wake them up before four o'clock.

7—Make all noise that is possible. If not able to make enough with mouth make it with feet.

Sec. III. 1—Never let a day pass without conversing with young men, even if they don't desire to converse with you.

2—Walk beyond limits every day, when no teacher is in sight.

3—Break your bed, at least, once a week.

4—When door bell rings your window is supposed to go up, (quite accidentally) and your head out. When phone bell ring fly to office door, put ear to key hole, and listen to conversation.

5—Borrow everything you can, and never return.

6—Run your bills high at Harrises, little store. If you are dunned just write to Papa.



7—After Chapel never think of going to class room until you stand in the hall awhile so as to get a smile, wink, or grin, from the young men.

#### INITIATORY PLEDGE

The Club, placing confidence in your character as a Fussy Little Demon has elected you a member. Do you solemnly promise that as a true F. L. D. you will never let a chance pass to steal a loaf of bread, and on Saturday's visit the kitchen, and don't come out until you are well supplied with sugar, chocolate, eggs, spoons and plates so as to make candy and cocoa during quiet hour Sunday afternoon; that you will obey the Constitution and By Laws of this Club; using all honorable means to promote its welfare?

#### BY-LAWS

##### ARTICLE I.

Sec. I. This Club shall meet every Saturday night at twelve o'clock. After all business has been transacted refreshments will be served.

Sec. II. The teachers gentle, "Girls, what are you doing?" will not interfere with the meeting.

#### TOAST TO THE F. L. D. CLUB

Here's to the F. L. D's,  
Success to them in their Club.  
And may next year bring them as much pleasure  
As they have had in this.  
There's hoping—they will reform,  
And become angels of heaven,  
And not remain what they are now—  
Angels of—

Finis



# Class Will

State of North Carolina, Lenoir College.  
In the name of Pres. Fritz, Amen

Whereas, we the Senior Class of the College and State aforesaid, being of sound mind and doubtful age feel that we are about to depart from this life, we, the aforesaid class do hereby publish and declare this our last will and testament on this earth or on any other earth that may have been mentioned in casual conversation heretofore.

We feel a deep sympathy for the faculty and students that we leave behind, and to alleviate the misery that they will experience, we deem it necessary to make this our last will and testament.

I, Arthur Huffman, do hereby will and bequeath to Corrie Lowman my presidency, responsibility, dignity and airs. The front seat in chapel will also belong to the same.

I, Frances Glass, do will and bequeath to a sport my great grandfather's war shield that he may protect his "Little self" from the wrath of unconverted savages, while crossing their war path, in the deserts of the campus.

I, F. J. Eller, do most truly and earnestly will and bequeath to the next unfortunate who accepts my seat at the table, the *Highland Night Mare* (a dish of hash) on condition that he eat every bit, and not die—as others have.

I, Mary Stroup, do will and bequeath all my text books and essays, used during my course to the Junior Class, hoping that they will be of some service to them.

I, Lillian Harrill, do will and bequeath to the college, a basket of wild animals and rocks, hoping that they may serve next year's Geology class.

I, R. A. Yoder, do hereby will and bequeath to Prof. Hartwig, my honored position in The Reading Circle and *Tennyson's In Memoriam*.

I, Ethel Plonk, do will and bequeath to my room-mate my secret key to the Oak-View pantry with sincere hopes that she will find therein more than I did.

I, Maie Rhodes, do hereby will and bequeath to the world my knowledge of music.

I, Horace Sheely, do hereby will and bequeath my talking capacity to Miss Ruth Parrott.

I, Annie Barber, do hereby will and bequeath to Miss Nellie Rudisill my dearly beloved History of Music, Harmony and Counterpoint books, all in good condition, having been used but little.

In witness whereof, we hereunto subscribe our hands and seal on this, the twenty fourth day of May, nineteen hundred and twelve.

(Signed) Class of 1912.

## Psalm of Science

1. Prof. Rudisill is my teacher,  
I shall not pass!
2. He maketh me, to walk in his  
displeasure; under the clouds of  
his wrath doth he hide me.
3. He restoreth me not from my  
failures; he leadeth me in the  
hard paths of wisdom for my  
own sake.
4. Yea, though thou flunketh me in  
the presence of my classmates, I  
shall rise again, for though thy  
rod and staff chastize me I shall  
not be conquered.
5. Thou springeth upon us quizzes  
without ceasing; in the nets of  
our ignorance doth thou entangle us.
6. Surely, algebra, chemistry, and  
physics will destroy me, and I  
shail return to Lenoir College  
no more forever.



# CHRONOLOGY

## September

6. Rats! Rats! Rats!
7. Everybody goes to chapel.
8. Rats get stung trying to flirt with the girls.
9. Hard at work.
12. M. M. Kippes flirts with a wax figure in show window down town.
17. All the Rats attend Sunday school and preaching.
18. Rats home-sick.
19. Thirty men go on the gridiron for varsity.
22. Rat reception. All the rats fall in love.
23. The Freshmen girls are going about with smiling faces.
25. Rats get stung on the war-path.
27. Freshman Rudisill, John (reading a weather forecast to himself)—  
“Fair tonight and Tuesday. Well, I thought the fair was going to be  
from Nov. 8th to 10th.”
29. Give Miss Shirey all the trouble possible— always sing “Polly—Wolly  
Doodle,” when you serenade Oak View for that is her favorite song.
30. Freshman vote down the Honor System.

## OCTOBER

1. Boys thinking of Oak View.
2. Ice-cream supper at Oak View.
3. Lessons are very poor.
6. Football squad leaves for Asheville, N. C.
8. Football Bingham, 28, Lenoir; 0.
9. Team enjoys itself in the park at Asheville.
11. Football Asheville School, 11, Lenoir; 0.
12. Football team arrives at Hickory, no one missing but several injured.
15. Goodwin had just returned from Asheville, and Russell asked him if  
that was the first time he had been out of the State
17. Concert at Highland Hall Fritz and Morgan.
18. Football team goes to Davidson.
19. Football Davidson 17, Lenoir 0.
21. Football game—Scrubs 44, Hickory Highschool 0.
23. “Bottle” Lippard is the best all-round athlete, with V. E. Stuck  
second.
30. Halloween party at Oak-View Home.
31. Reformation sermon preached by Rev. McLaughlin, of Albermale, N. C.

## NOVEMBER

1. Rain! Rain! Rain!
3. Buggy for sale Apply to Prof. Little, for terms.
6. Stuck, V. E. has cleaned his room up. Oh what a change.!
8. Fair Alarm; Boys, go out looking for the fire.
9. Holiday, so the students could take in the fair.
11. Boys cut classes to go to the fair.
13. Track meet, Soph's win the Pennant.

17. Death of Rev. J. C. Moser, D. D.
20. No chapel exercises. Organ missing.
21. Tennis Team leaves for Rutherford. Rutherford, O; Lenoir, 2.
23. Tennis game, Rutherford O, Lenoir 3.
27. Football game, Newton 5, Lenoir 21,
29. Football game, M. P. C. I. O, Lenoir, 35.
30. Turkey! Turkey! Turkey!

## DECEMBER

2. Ask, Prof. H. to tell you about the spider.
5. Only twenty more days until we will see mamma.
6. Miss Shirey asks all the girls to take a seat in the gallery.
8. Football, Newton 0; Lenoir 6.
10. Jake R. says, "My headquarters are under my hat." See him for further information.
12. Oak-View says, "Oliver Haigler, is the best looking boy at Highland" Hall. (Isn't it awful to have such an ugly bunch to choose from?)
13. Paul Green—so wise and funny, he is a circus in himself.
15. "Goat" Horney—What all do you keep in here?"  
Prof. — "Oh, a little of everything in the school supply line."
16. Horney—(next day) Well then give me some passing grades, please."
18. Lake (Jr)— "Why is it that girls are always kissing one another"?  
Rosa—"Because they do to one another as they would that men should do unto them."
19. Exams begin, students study real hard.
20. Everybody takes a course in cheating.
23. Last day of Exams, Everybody leaves for home.

## JANUARY

4. After spending a pleasant vacation, and seeing their sweethearts, a large number of students gather for chapel services.
5. New and old students come in on every train.
7. Rain, sleet, snow and hail.
8. Oh Gee but I would like to see mamma!
10. Rat Stephens, decides to move to Oak-View, so sends his trunk down.
11. Rat Stephens is heart-broken. Miss Shirey sends his trunk back to Highland Hall.
13. Arrival of a new Sandlapper (Miss Ruth Parrott.)
16. Haigler is love-sick.
19. "Goat" Horney goes to see his Nellie.
21. Rat Hyde gave one of the professors his visiting card, when asked for his registration card.
22. Sleighs are still in demand.
24. Faggart starts to read the Bible through
26. Cook took a suit to the barber to have it pressed.
29. More snow.
30. Ask Paul Green about the oyster.



## FEBRUARY

1. Why does Rat Haigler punch for candy?
4. Luke Hahn—"The Seniors study athletic (anylitic) geometry."
5. An abundance of peas were put on the table in order that all might eat and become peace-full.
7. Faggart gives up all hopes of reading through the Bible.
9. Rat Drye went to town and tried to buy an overcoat at the ten-cent store.
13. Jake R said that he would like his room very well if there were a transmitter over the door.
14. Lecture by Dr. King.
15. Senior girls, "At home" in honor of the Senior class.
18. Orchestra Concert.
20. Mr. Faggart to Kincaid—  
"I think I shall go to the University next year. "  
Kincaid—"Yes—I would like to go with you, but I think papa is going to send me to Chapel Hill"
22. Crestonian Anniversary.
25. Baseball practice begins.
27. Will some one please inform Ethel Mosteller where the water comes from that is in the radiator.

## MARCH

3. Fred R.—"Ask Dr. Price, when are we going to bisect that dog."
5. Miss Mosteller, eating a piece of melon; "There is not going to be any Rhyne when I get through."
6. Prof. H—to Earl Whisenant. —"What gender is egg.?"  
Whisenant—"Wait until it is hatched and I will tell you."
8. Snow! Snow! Snow!
9. Extra Session of Faculty  
A special session of the faculty was called by Prof. Eller, director of the bell, on account of the last clapper. They met at 8:45 in the bell tower
11. Euronian Anniversary.
13. Prof. Hartwig---"It is a sin to pray when you ought to be at work?"  
Miss Miller—"Why Prof. Hartwig the bible says pray without ceasing"
14. Dave Rudisill—"What is L. L. Lohr, charged with, electricity, soda-water, or a two-months board bill?"
16. Louise: "You claim you love me."  
Dave: "And so I do, darling,"

Louise: "Would you die for me."

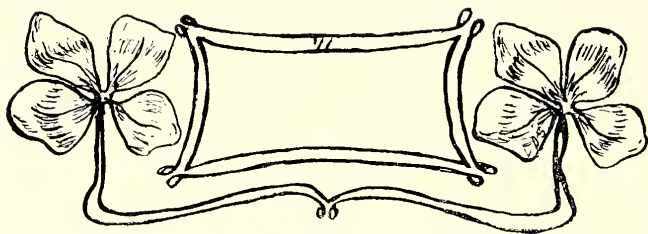
Dave: "Well, hardly. Mine is undying love."

18. Baseball, Rutherford 0, Lenoir 1.

19. Board of Trustees meet.

21. Annual goes to printer. —

H. J. S. '12 (Diarist)



# Oakview Orchestra Concert

LENOIR COLLEGE AUDITORIUM

February Twelfth

Nineteen-hundred twelve

## PROGRAMME

- |     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |                                     |
|-----|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------------------------|
| (1) | -           | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>March</i>                        |
| (2) | Grieg       | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Norwegian Dance</i>              |
| (3) | Schubert    | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Serenade</i>                     |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Mr. Henderson                       |
| (4) | Haydn       | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Symphony No. 2 in D. Major</i>   |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Adagio                              |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Allegro                             |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Andante                             |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Minuetto                            |
| (5) | Chopan      | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Ballad in A Flat</i>             |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Miss Hallman                        |
| (6) | Shakespeare | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Scene I, Act III—The Tempest</i> |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Miss Stecher                        |
| (7) | Bohm        | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Legende</i>                      |
|     | Wieniawski  | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Obertass</i>                     |
|     |             |   |   |   |   |   |   |   | Mr. Patterson                       |
| (8) | Dvorak      | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Humsresque</i>                   |

# The Merchant of Venice

A Comedy in four acts by William Shakespeare, given by the  
Euronian and Philalethean Literary Societies in the  
Lenoir College Auditorium Monday evening,  
November 27, 1911, 8:00 o'clock.

Duke of Venice	-	-	-	-	-	C. E. Fritz
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice	-	-	-	-	-	Horace J. Shealey
Bassanio, his kinsman and friend	-	-	-	-	-	D. C. Holt
Gratiano,	{	friends to Antonio	{	-	-	L. P. Hahn
Solanio,						
Salarino,	{	and Bassanio	{	-	-	H. E. Bonds
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica	-	-	-	-	-	Geo. L. Sawyer
Shylock, a Jew	-	-	-	-	-	C. E. Fritz
Tubal, a Jew. friend to Shylock	-	-	-	-	-	Karl B. Patterson
Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock	-	-	-	-	-	G. E. Harward
Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot	-	-	-	-	-	Leo. E. Bolick
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio	-	-	-	-	-	H. L. Faggart
Balthazar, servant to Portia	-	-	-	-	-	G. E. Harward
Portia, an heiress	-	-	-	-	-	G. E. Harward
Nerissa, her waiting-maid	-	-	-	-	-	Maie Rhodes
Jessica, daughter to Shylock	-	-	-	-	-	Lillian Harrill
Magnificoes of Venice, Maskers, Etc.	-	-	-	-	-	Ethel Plonk



SENIORS ON A PICNIC

## Farewell

Dear Classmates, must we say Farewell  
To our friends so faithful and true,  
And to our dear old Alma Mater  
Where we have lingered a few years through?

Alas, it is true, my Comrades.  
Let us bear it bravely and well,  
And though we all depart from here  
In unknown places to dwell

Dear Classmates, let us one and all  
With faces and hearts aglow  
Strive to look forward and upward,  
And do nobly the things here below.

Until when our work we have finished  
In accents clear and pure,  
Will be heard our dear old motto.  
"The reward of the faithful is sure."

E. P.—'12

*"To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love, and to work, and to play, and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not content with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to covet nothing of your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manner; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide posts to the footpath of peace."*—Henry Van Dyke.







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Administration Building





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NEXT SESSION OPENS SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1912

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R. L. FRITZ, President

Hickory, - - - North Carolina













